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PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR

CHRISTIAN USE AND WORSHIP,

PREPARED AND SET FORTH

BY THE

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN:

DURRIE AND PECK.

BOSTON, CHARLES TAPPAN; NEW YORK, CLARK AND AUSTIN;
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1855.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,
BY JEREMIAH DAY, BENNET TYLER, ELEAZAR T. FITCH, JOEL HAWES,
AND LEONARD BACON,
in trust for
THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Connecticut.

PREFACE.

The General Association of Connecticut have noticed, for several years, an increasing diversity in the collections of Psalms and Hymns for public worship, used in the churches under their pastoral care. Not only is the use of different collections, in churches so intimately connected with each other, attended with many inconveniences; but it is obvious that the unity and fraternal communion of the constituent portions of our ecclesiastical commonwealth will be greatly promoted, if the churches, without any abridgment of their liberty, can unite in the use of one book of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in all their public assemblies.

In the hope of effecting such a union, this book has been prepared by the appointment, and under the direction of the General Association of Connecticut. Correspondence and consultations have been had with committees of ecclesiastical bodies in other States, as well as with individuals, honored as pastors, or skillful in sacred song: and in various ways, much diligence has been used to form a collection suited to the use of evangelical Christians, on all the occasions of public and private worship.

The labor of compiling and editing, has been performed chiefly by the Rev. Horace Hooker, and the Rev. Oliver Ellsworth Daggett, whom we thought it expedient to employ, because the Head of the Church seemed to us to have qualified them for such a service, and because they were able for the time, to devote themselves wholly to the work. Yet all has been done under our close and constant superintendence; for it was only in this way that we could perform the duty to which our brethren, in behalf of the churches, had called us. Hardly anything has been admitted or rejected—hardly any change of expression, however trivial, has been made, without our express direction or consent. The wish, on our part, to include not only all such pieces as commend themselves to our judgment by their intrinsic merit, but as many as possible of those which have been endeared to evangelical believers by long familiarity, or by local or personal associations, has made the book larger than we at first designed to make it. If any favorite hymns of any pastor or congregation are omitted, the omission must be referred, in some instances, to the claims of compilers, or of their legal representatives, in whose

collections those hymns appear as original,—and, in other instances, to the impossibility of including all the hymns of a particular class without making the collection too large for use. Pieces of recognized merit, such as those of Watts, will be found for the most part unaltered, even when some slight improvement seemed to be in itself both practicable and desirable. Compositions less hallowed by long use in our churches, have been more freely corrected to adapt them to the work, to remove offenses against taste, and to make the form and expression more lyrical.

To all, then, in every place, who, in our language, worship God through Jesus Christ, and especially to those who hold the faith and walk in the order of the ancient New England churches, we present this book with the prayer, that it may be for their edification, and for the honor of Christ, to whom be glory in the church forever.

Jeremiah Day
Bennet Tyler
E. T. Fitch.
J. Haines
Leonard Bacon

February, 1845.

DIRECTIONS

FOR THE USE OF THIS BOOK.

I. To pastors, and others conducting public worship.

1. The use of the Psalm or Hymn, by a public assembly, ought to be an act of united worship. Hymns, therefore, of an argumentative or horatory character, can rarely be used with propriety. For that reason, only a few pieces exclusively horatory, have been admitted into this collection. The subject of the sermon, or the character of the occasion, may have an influence in determining the choice of pieces to be sung; yet the selection should be made chiefly with reference to the expression of those sentiments of adoration, thankfulness, confession, faith or hope, or those devout desires and impulses, which are fitly uttered in song. We may, indeed, 'teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs,' but singing should be worship, not preaching, and it can be effectual to our mutual edification, only as we 'make melody in our hearts to the Lord.'

2. The Book of Psalms is an inspired model of psalmody for the church of God, in every age. The Psalms, therefore, as versified in this collection, are distinguished from the Hymns; no piece being admitted among the Psalms, which is not a fair version of some part of the particular Psalm to which it is referred. And for the same reason, it is recommended that a due proportion of the pieces selected for use on the various occasions of public worship, and especially on the Lord's day, be selected from the Psalms.

3. The arrangement of the Hymns in this book, will be found to differ, in some respects, from any hereto-

fore adopted by compilers. In the synopsis of the contents, at the end of the volume, the Psalms are classified according to the arrangement of the Hymns. Thus, the minister who would select a Psalm for the commencement or the close of public worship, or for any special occasion, or for any particular topic of discourse, can find it referred to, not only by its first line in the index of first lines, but also in the synopsis by the uses to which it is applicable.

4. The number of pieces applicable to the commencement of public worship, is such that a pastor may select one for every Lord's day in the year, without repetition. Yet it should be borne in mind, that some of these pieces, as well as of the pieces appropriated to particular topics of discourse, are of such a character that the frequent use of them in worship will be found highly conducive to edification.

5. The variety of meters in this collection, is not greater than in other collections now extensively used. Yet the minister ought not to give out a piece of any unusual meter, without knowing beforehand that the congregation or the choir can sing it.

6. In giving out a Psalm or Hymn from this book, it is never necessary to announce the meter. Every Hymn is sufficiently designated by its number. A piece from the Psalms is sufficiently designated by the number of the Psalm and the number of the version.

7. Sometimes a hymn selected from those appropriated to private and family worship, may be used with good effect in a public assembly. This, however, should be done with discretion.

II. To those who direct the singing.

1. Remember that singing in a religious assembly, is not of the nature of a musical exhibition, but is a serious and important part of the worship of God.

2. Remember that the words sung are not for the tune, but the tune for the words. The tune, therefore, should be selected, not for its novelty, nor for the sake of showing how well you can perform its difficult passages, nor even for its intrinsic beauty, considered merely as a piece of music ; but simply because in that tune, the words can be fitly and expressively uttered.

3. Those who, in the use of this book, would sing with the spirit and with the understanding, must make themselves familiar with the Psalms and Hymns which it contains. The leader of the music, especially, ought to study the book thoroughly, so as never to be at a loss in the selection of a tune. It may be well for him to write for himself, in the margin of every Psalm or Hymn, the name of the tune which he judges most appropriate to that piece.

4. Many favorite Psalms and Hymns are associated by use, with favorite tunes. Where such associations exist, they should not be broken up without some strong reason. On the contrary, it deserves consideration, whether devotion would not be promoted, if every Psalm or Hymn in the book were thus associated, in the minds of the congregation, with some particular tune. There is no harm in singing the same tune twice, if need be, on two successive sabbaths, or even on the same sabbath.

5. We have affixed to the pieces in this book, no marks of musical expression ; for the reason that good sense, on the part of the leader, and a tolerable apprehension of the sense and sentiment of the words, on the part of the singers, will be a better guide. Let the leader, then, and the singers, understand and feel the words they sing, and not attempt any thing great in the way of expression, and they will do much to promote the worship of God in spirit and in truth.

III. To WORSHIPERS GENERALLY.

1. Let it be remembered, that the habitual and general use of Psalms and Hymns, in private and family worship, will greatly promote simplicity, devoutness, and fervency, in this part of public worship.

2. Although certain Hymns, in this book, are placed by themselves, as chiefly appropriate to occasions of private and domestic devotion, the use of the book at home ought not to be limited to those Hymns. The whole book should be a household book to the families, and a closet book to the individuals, of the congregations in which it is used for public worship. The versions of Psalms, when compared with each other, and with the scriptural text, to which each version is referred, will be found to constitute a lucid evangelical exposition of almost every sentence of that portion of the written word. The Hymns, if studied in their arrangement, will be an efficient help to catechetical and other didactic instruction, in impressing the system of evangelical truth, not merely upon the memory, but, by God's blessing, upon the heart.

3. All worshippers should be diligent to cultivate in themselves, and in their children, the common natural faculty of praising God in song; that so, in all our dwellings, and in all our sanctuaries, all voices and all hearts may make melody to God.

PSALMS.

1. FIRST VERSION. C. M

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:—

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

1. SECOND VERSION. S. M.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;—

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amid the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,—
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

1. THIRD VERSION. L. M.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ the morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

2. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Christ exalted above his enemies.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 'I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 'Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands.'

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

2. SECOND VERSION. v. 8—12. S. M.

Christ interceding and reigning.

1 NOW Christ ascends on high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well
Which he received from God.

4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

3. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

God our defence.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 I cried, and from his holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

6 What though the hosts of death and hell,
All armed, against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,—
My refuge is my God.

7 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

3. SECOND VERSION. v. 2—6, 8. L. M.

1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,—
'There is no help in God for thee :'
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head ;
My glory, shield and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,—
He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves rolled by ;
He beckoned,—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke ;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain ;
Bright from the east the morning broke,—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though arméd throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath ;
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
His presence guards his people's path.

3. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—5, 8. L. M

A morning Psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
My peace they daily discompose ;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry ;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure ;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night ;
Salvation doth to God belong ;
He raised my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

4. FIRST VERSION. v. 3—5, 8. C. M

An evening Psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

4. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5—7. L. M.

Prayer heard, and God our portion.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name!

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,—
'Who will bestow some earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favors so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

5. FIRST VERSION. v. 3—8. C. M.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5. SECOND VERSION. v. 3, 4, 7. L. M.

1 WHENE'ER the morning rays appear,
Thou, Lord, my early voice shalt hear:
To thee my lifted hands shall rise
And faith look up with longing eyes.

2 O God, thy pure unsullied mind
In tents of sin no joy can find:
Far from thy throne shall evil flee,
Nor e'er inhabit, Lord, with thee.

3 But I by boundless mercies led,
Thy temple's sacred courts will tread;
Up to thy house with joy repair:
Thy mercies shall surround me there.

6. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Complaint and prayer in sickness.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night;
My bed is watered with my tears,
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

3 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return,—
When shall I make thy grace my song?

4 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
The grave can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

5 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts, depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

6.

SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 6, 7, 9. C. M.

Complaint and prayer in sickness.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppressed;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still afflicted more?
Mine eyes consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand affords relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak;
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

6. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—7. C. M

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my heavy groans:
O let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones.

3 By day, my busy beating head
Is filled with anxious fears;
By night, upon my restless bed
I weep a flood of tears.

4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief:
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief!

5 O come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

6. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9. 7s.

1 GENTLY, gently, lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea!
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more:
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

7. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. C. M

God's care and vindication of his people.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliverer's near.

3 If I have e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honor low.

4 If there were malice hid in me—
I know thy piercing eyes—
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

7. SECOND VERSION. v. 8—10. L. M

God the righteous Judge of all.

1 THE Lord is Judge: before his throne
All nations shall his justice own:
O may my soul be found sincere,
And stand approved, with courage there!

2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

3 My God, my shield! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace;
Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

8. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 3, 4, 8. S. M.

God's condescension to man.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:—

3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms;—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Of meanest things thy power can frame,
A monument of praise.

6 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

8. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5, 9. C. M.

Christ's condescension, and glorification.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 Let him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head to death;
And be his honors sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

8. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 5—9. L. M

1 O LORD, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Placed high above the heavenly frame.

2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear:
Beneath th' angelic hosts he bends,
Our sufferings and our guilt to bear.

3 But, lo! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthroned!
He bears our nature to the sky,
O'er all thy works the ruler crowned.

4 Jesus, the man, in glory sits,
Creation at his feet obeys:
To him each living tribe submits,
Natives of earth, or air, or seas.

5 Jesus, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Let the whole earth resound thy fame!

8. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1, 2. L. M

Children praising God.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise,
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Triumphant notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policy confound.

4 Children amid thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests,
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

8. FIFTH VERSION. v. 4—8. L. M.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

1 LORD, what was Man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place;—

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below,
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin:
Yet he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 7—12. C. M.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace:
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace:
For thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

9. SECOND VERSION. v. 12—15, 18, 19. C. M.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Doth his own children raise;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net,
That their own hands have spread.

4 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

5 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor:
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

10. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 12, 17, 18. C. M.

Saints saved and oppressors punished.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 Arise, O God! lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Wilt mark whate'er thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

5 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

10. SECOND VERSION. v. 16—18. L. M.

Jehovah, the avenger of the oppressed.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring;
Proclaim the Lord, th' eternal King:
Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

2 Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

3 Thy Spirit shall their hearts prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to their prayer:
Thou righteous Judge! thou Power divine!
On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed,
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
And sin, and Satan reign no more.

11. v. 1, 3—7. L. M.

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
'Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?'

2 [If government be all destroyed—
That firm foundation of our peace,—
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?]

3 The Lord in heaven hath fixed his throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What must the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 [On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.]

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

12. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4, 8. C. M

Complaint of a general corruption of manners.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirred!
'Are not our lips our own,' they cry,
'And who shall be our Lord?'

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Are raised to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

12. SECOND VERSION. v. 3, 5, 6, 7. C. M.

Divine interposition expected in wicked times.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—

2 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

3 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I will appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.'

4 Thy word, like silver, seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure:
The men, that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

13. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Hope in darkness.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Wilt thou thy face forever hide?
Shall I still pray and be denied?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 3—6. C. M.

Complaint under temptations of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

3 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

4 But they shall flee at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

5 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

13. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—3, 5, 6 7

1 LORD of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

Lord, how long with sorrows vexed
Daily shall my heart complain;
While my anxious soul, perplexed,
Counsel takes, but takes in vain?

2 Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harrassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within?
Lord, my God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death!

3 On thy mercy I rely—
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart!
Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall rejoice my heart.
Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore;
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore.

14. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3. C. M

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts, believe and say
That all religion's vain;—
'There is no God who reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.'

2 [From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.]

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,—
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,—
Their slanders never cease:
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14. SECOND VERSION. v. 4—7. C. M.

The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour,
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God, confound their pride!

4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

14. THIRD VERSION. v. 7. 7s. & 6s.

The salvation of Israel.

1 O! THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;

Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

15. FIRST VERSION. C. M

Character of a saint.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And, though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15. SECOND VERSION. L. M.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the things he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

4 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others wrong and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

5 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

6 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

15. THIRD VERSION. 7s.

Character of a saint.

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heavenly mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one;—

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained;—

4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done:
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

16. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4—8. C. M.

God our sufficient portion.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place;
Though all the good that I can do,
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

3 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
And more rejoice in hope.

4 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

5 My soul would all her thoughts approve,
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3. L. M.

Humility and love to the saints.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need!
For succor to thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16. THIRD VERSION. v. 4—8. L. M

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise
Who haste to seek some idol-god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life hath offered up
Jesus, his best belovéd Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name forever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

16. FOURTH VERSION. v. 8—11. L. M.

Hope of the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

16. FIFTH VERSION. v. 8—11. C. M.

1 I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joy express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor leave my body in the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne:
Thy courts immortal pleasure give;
Thy presence joys unknown.

17. FIRST VERSION. v. 3, 13—15. L. M

The portions of saints and sinners.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

17. SECOND VERSION. v. 13—15. S. M.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store:
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from death,
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

18. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6, 10, 15—18, 49. L. M.

Deliverance from despair.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,—
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,—
The blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death

7 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 10, 14, 50. C. M.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the wingéd wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For his own children's sake;
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.

18. THIRD VERSION. v. 9—11. C M.

God appearing in majesty.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

18. FOURTH VERSION. v. 20—26. L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear:
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

3 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will,—
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

5 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know,
Thou hast an arm of vengeance too.

18. FIFTH VERSION. v. 30—35, 46—50. L. M.

Salvation and triumph in God.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield,
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives—and blesséd be my Rock—
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell he broke:
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace forever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

18. SIXTH VERSION. v. 46—49. 8s. & 7s.

Triumphing in Christ's victory.

1 LO! the Lord Jehovah liveth!
He's my rock, I bless his name:
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands, exalt his fame.

2 O'er his enemies exalted,
See the great Redeemer rise!
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.

3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend:
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

19. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

The book of nature and scripture compared.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 7—9, 11, 14. S. M.

For a Lord's-Day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known:
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands rejoice;
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

19. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—9. S.

God's word most excellent.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

19. FOURTH VERSION. L. M. 6 l.

The glory of God in his works.

1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfill;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power,—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine,
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

19. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs are found,—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,—
'The hand that made us is divine.'

19. SIXTH VERSION. v. 7, 8, 11. L M. D

The glory of God in his word.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word:
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

2 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radient chorus of the sky;—

20. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 5, 6. 7s & 6s.

Confidence in God.

1 THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
And help from Zion send;
The God of grace be near thee
To comfort and befriend!
Thy human weakness strengthen,
Thy earthly wants supply,
Thy span of nature lengthen
To endless life on high!

2 Above his own anointed
His banner bright shall wave:
Their times are all appointed;
The Lord his flock will save:
Through life's deceitful mazes,
Their steps will safely bear;
Accept their feeble praises,
And hear their every prayer.

21. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 5, 7, 8, 13. C. M.

Rulers are the care of heaven.

1 OUR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread their honors far;
And their successful measures crowned,
Alike in peace and war.

3 Then let them still on God rely,
For wisdom, and for grace;
His mercy shall their wants supply,
And save our happy race.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.

5 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

21. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

1 HOW great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

2 Whate'er he wills, thy goodness gives,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings attend him while he lives,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

3 Around his sacred temples shine
Th' Eternal's uncreated rays;
All power is his, and grace divine,
And length of everlasting days.

22. FIRST VERSION. v. 20, 21, 24, 26—31. C. M.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 IN deep distress our Saviour prayed,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that hour of dread,
And chased away his fears.

2 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

3 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

4 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

5 The isles shall know the righteousness,
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

22. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 7, 16, 18, 24, 28, 31. L. M.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn;
'He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.'

3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet:
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

4 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

23. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. L. M.

The Divine Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest·
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,—
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.

23. SECOND VERSION. L. M. 6 l.

The Divine Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or in the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

23. THIRD VERSION. C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. C. M.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote.
And in his temple spend.

23. FIFTH VERSION. S. M.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23. SIXTH VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. 7s

The Divine Shepherd.

1 TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard,—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

23. SEVENTH VERSION. 11s. A.

1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death, though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod.
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

24. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that hath hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal powers,
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,—
The king of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

Saints dwelling in heaven.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds:
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

24. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—10. L. M.

Christ's ascension.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the king of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

2 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

3 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

24. FOURTH VERSION. v. 7—10. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 'Who is the King of glory, who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 'Who is the King of glory, who?'
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blessed.

25. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—11. S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the powers of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may shun the snare.

3 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

25. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 6—8. S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wast ever, kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

4 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

25. THIRD VERSION. v. 12, 14, 10, 13. 8 M.

Divine instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears to offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand,
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

25. FOURTH VERSION. v. 15, 16, 18, 20—22. S. M.

Backsliding and desertion.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 With every morning light,
My grief anew begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

5 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

6 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

26. v. 1—10. L. M.

Conscious integrity.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 [I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes]

3 Among thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell,
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

27. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. C. M.

The church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27. SECOND VERSION. v. 8, 9, 13, 14. C. M.

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,—
'Ye children, seek my grace;'
My heart replied without delay,—
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
Thy grace would soon provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27. THIRD VERSION. v. 7, 8, 10. 7s.

The orphan's refuge in God.

1 WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah! from afar;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.
When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,—
'Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!'

2 Should the world deceitful prove,
And no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;
Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,—
He, my guardian, father, friend.

28. FIRST VERSION. v. 6, 9. **L. M.**

Deliverance from temptations.

1 BLESSED be the Lord, who heard my prayer,
The Lord my shield, my help, my song,
Who saved my soul from sin and fear,
And tuned with praise my thankful tongue.

2 In the dark hour of deep distress,
By foes beset, of death afraid,
My spirit trusted in his grace,
And sought, and found, his heavenly aid.

3 O blest Redeemer of mankind!
Thy shield, thy saving strength, shall be
The shield, the strength, of every mind,
That loves his name, and trusts in thee.

4 Remember, Lord, thy chosen seed;
Israel defend from guilt and woe;
Thy flock in richest pastures feed,
And guard their steps from every foe.

5 Zion exalt, her cause maintain,
With peace and joy her courts surround:
In showers let endless blessings rain,
And saints eternal praise resound.

28. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 3, 6, 7. **C. M.**

Deliverance from evil companions.

1 TO thee, my King, my God of grace,
I lift my humble cry;
Let not my poor desponding soul
With impious wretches die.

2 With honeyed lips, and guileful tongue,
They charm the young astray,
And lure their heedless feet to death,
Along the flowery way.

3 For me they dug the secret pit,
And formed the hidden snare;
Thoughtless I followed where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

4 My heart, with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen he seized my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.

5 He broke the charm which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead;
From lips profane, and tongues impure,
With quivering steps I fled.

6 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine;
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends, and mine.

7 [My lips thy wondrous works shall sing,
My heart adore thy grace;
Henceforth be love my sweet employ,
And all my pleasure praise.]

29. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land:
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks—and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around:
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns forever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

29. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5, 7—11. 11s.

1 GIVE glory to God in the highest; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

2 The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thunders abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

3 At the voice of the Lord, the strong cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurled;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosomed cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

4 The voice of the Lord, through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves,
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

5 The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
But oh! when he speaketh—in silence adore.

30. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. L. M.

Divine deliverances in sickness.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

30. SECOND VERSION. v. 2—5. C. M.

1 O LORD my God, oppressed with grief,
To thee I breathed my cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my tearful eye.

2 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave;
O may thy praise employ that breath,
Which mercy deigns to save.

3 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

30. THIRD VERSION. v. 6—12. L. M.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 't would ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,—
'Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.'

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,—
'What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 'Hear me, O God of grace,' I said,
'And bring me from among the dead;'
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

31. FIRST VERSION. v. 5, 13—16, 19, 23. C. M.

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintained a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
To take away my life.

3 'My times are in thy hand,' I cried,
'Though I draw near the dust;'
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make the brightness of thy face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

5 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

6 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

31. SECOND VERSION. v. 7—9, 13, 14, 18—21. C. M

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

2 Slander and fear, on every side,
Seized, and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

3 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men;
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

4 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

5 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me, forever dwell;
No fencéd city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

31. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 3, 21, 24. L. M

Confidence in God.

1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art my rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
O make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wandering feet.

3 Blessed be the Lord—forever blessed,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove;
The sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord—and trust his grace,
And he shall heavenly strength impart.

31. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—3, 14, 15, 19, 23. 7s. 6l

1 LORD! I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford;
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!

2 On thy word I take my stand;
All my times are in thy hand;
Oh! what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their friend!
Lord! may this my portion be:
Seek it, all ye saints! with me.

32. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. **S. M.**

Confession, pardon and obedience.

1 O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

32. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—6. **C. M.**

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

3 While I my inward guilt suppressed,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And racked my tortured mind.

4 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.

5 This shall invite thy saints to pray;—
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

32. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 2. L. M.

1 BLEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

32. FOURTH VERSION. v. 3—8. L. M.

Confession, pardon, and relief.

1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess:
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk thy, watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—11. C. M

Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim:
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the swelling waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—11. L. P. M

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature, and of grace,—
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas;
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep;
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are their thoughts, and weak their hands;
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

33. THIRD VERSION. v. 12—22. C. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fixed his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
The spacious world behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust:
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

33. FOURTH VERSION. v. 12—22. L. P. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 O HAPPY nation where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength, the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threatening stand;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

34. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—9. L. M.

Praise for eminent deliverance.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and hope divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

34. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—9. C. M

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that love to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing, to the honor of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes:—

4 I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

5 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Where'er his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

7 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blessed their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

34. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—4, 7—9. C. M.

Praise for eminent deliverance.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

5 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

34. FOURTH VERSION. v. 11—20, 22. L. M.

Religious instructions to the young.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones;
They in his praise employ their breath.

34. FIFTH VERSION. v. 11—22. C. M.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too;
The Lord who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeems their souls.

35. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 13, 14, 24—28. 7s.

Prayer of the persecuted.

1 PLEAD, O God, my cause with those
Who declare themselves my foes:
They would not that I should live:
From their rage, salvation give.

2 Did I not their sorrows share;—
Treat them with a brother's care;
And before thee humbly plead,
In their former days of need?

3 Now, in their unrighteous cause,
Leagued against thy holy laws,
Let them not an impious host—
O'er thy friend a triumph boast.

4 Judge, O Lord, in righteousness;
Set me right; my wrongs redress:
As I thee have truly loved,
Let me stand by thee approved.

5 Then thy friends will shout aloud,—
'Magnify the name of God;'
And thy rescued servant raise,
All the day, his song of praise.

35. SECOND VERSION. v. 12—15. C. M.

David's love to enemies, typical of Christ's.

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes!

2 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed.

3 They groaned and cursed him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

4 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

5 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and beloved of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

36. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 5—7. S. M.

The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,—
'He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes.'

2 [He walks awhile concealed
In a self flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 [His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.]

4 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

5 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie;
His anger burns to hell.

6 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

36. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 6. C. M.

Practical atheism exposed.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,—
'Their thoughts believe there's none.'

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
Whate'er their lips profess,
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's a hastening hour
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.

36. THIRD VERSION. v. 5—9. L. M.

The perfections, providence, and grace of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36. FOURTH VERSION. v. 5, 7—9. C. M.

1 ABOVE these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

2 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

3 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

4 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

37. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6, 11. C. M.

The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief.

1 WHY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will:
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet
Shall my desires fulfill.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

37. SECOND VERSION. v. 16, 21, 26, 28—31. C. M.

Charity to the poor; or, *religion in words and deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blesséd is his seed.

4 He fears to talk with lips profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserved from every snare!
They shall possess the promised land
And dwell forever there.

37. THIRD VERSION. v. 23—25, 29, 35—37. C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,—
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

5 And lo! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

38. v. 1, 4, 6, 9, 15, 18, 21, 22. C. M.

Prayer in anguish.

1 AMID thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy for my soul to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

4 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by thine ear.

5 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be forever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.

39. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 3. C. M

Watchfulness over the tongue.

1 THUS I resolved before the Lord,—
'Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong.'

2 And, if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane.
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed,
But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God.

39. SECOND VERSION. v. 4, 5, 6, 7. C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39. THIRD VERSION. v. 4, 5, 7. L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

39. FOURTH VERSION. v. 4—6, 12, 13. L. M.

1 O LET me, heavenly Lord! extend
My view, to life's approaching end:
What are my days?—a span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

4 O spare me, Lord! in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair;
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

39. FIFTH VERSION. v. 4, 5, 9—13. S. M.

1 LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is nought with thee;
Sure, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low;
Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.

4 At thy rebuke the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall like a moth consume
All that delights our eyes.

5 Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

6 O spare me yet, I pray,
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

39. SIXTH VERSION. v. 9—13. C. M.

Sick-bed devotion; or, *pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,—
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

40. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,—
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their number to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

40. SECOND VERSION. v. 6—9. C. M.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is vain,
Give your burnt offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain
My soul delights no more.'

2 Then spake the Saviour,—'Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
Thy servant shall fulfill.'

3 Behold, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

4 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

5 His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfill a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

6 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

41. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 12. C. M.

Blessedness of the merciful.

1 BLEST is the man whose liberal heart
Feels for the suffering poor;
Who freely gives, for their relief,
His counsel and his store.

2 To him the Lord in troublous times
Will sure deliverance send;
His life prolong on earth, and bless,
And from his foes defend.

3 When, on the bed of languishing,
His mortal hour is come,
The Lord will soothe his dying pains,
And take the sufferer home.

4 The Lord of heaven loves liberal souls,—
Their hearts are like his own:
Heaven is the home of those who breathe
The mercy of his throne.

41. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3. L. M.

1 BLEST is the man whose soul can move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose heart, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure:—

2 Who still contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do:
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. C. M.

Longing for God in absence from public worship.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,—
'And where's your God at last!'

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4, 11. C. M.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh, as oft my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

4 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Hope still—and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

42. THIRD VERSION. v. 6—11. L. M.

Melancholy reproved; or, *hope in affliction.*

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove,—
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say,—'My God, my heavenly Rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul, that groans beneath thy stroke?'

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,—
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

42. FOURTH VERSION. v. 6—9, 11. 7s. 6 l

1 HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelmed by all thy waves.

3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird:
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

4 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

42. FIFTH VERSION. v. 6—8. 8s & 7s. D.

1 O MY God, by thee forsaken,
Prostrate in the dust I lie;
Faith by gloomy terrors shaken,
All my hopes within me die:
Yet my soul, in thee confiding,
Meditates thy mercy still;
Though, on earth's dark coasts abiding,
Distant far from Zion's hill.

2 Deep to deep responsive calling,
Thunders roar, the torrents roll;
Bursting clouds around me falling,
Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul:
Yet the Lord, his grace commanding,
Will with mercies crown my days:
He my guardian, near me standing,
8 Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.

43. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 5. H. M.

A complaint, mingled with hope, under great trials.

1 MY God, defend my cause
Against a host of foes;
O save me from th' unjust,
Who triumph in my woes!
Why dost thou faint, | To God impart
My trembling heart? | Thy sad complaint.

2 Why dost thou, O my Shield,
Desert me thus forlorn?
Why, hated and oppressed,
Thus bid me ceaseless mourn?
To God I fly; | When low in dust
In God I trust, | My head shall lie.

3 My soul awake to joy,
And triumph in the Lord,
My health, my hope, my song,
And my divine reward.
Ye fears remove; | But blest return
No more I mourn, | To sing his love.

43. SECOND VERSION. v. 3, 4. H. M.

Public worship introduced.

1 LORD, to thy sacred house
I come with willing feet,
Where saints with morning vows
In full assembly meet.
Thy power divine | And from thy throne
Shall here be shown, | Thy mercy shine.

2 O send thy light abroad!
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way.
I'll hear thy word | And learn to fear
With faith sincere, | And praise the Lord.

3 Reach forth thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal;
Here health and strength divine
O make my bosom feel!

Like balmy dew | My bones rejoice,
Shall Jesus' voice, | My strength renew.

4 Then in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord,
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word.

Henceforth to thee, | A hymn of praise
O God of grace, | My life shall be.

44. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 8, 15—18, 26. C. M.

The church's complaint in persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old—
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:—

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet we have not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven;
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

44. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—4. C. M

Public deliverances ascribed to God.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years:—

2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land,
Afflicted by repeated strokes
Of thine avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save,—

4 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,—
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name adored.

5 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as of old to them,
To us deliverance bring.

44. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 3, 6, 8. L. M.

Public deliverances ascribed to God.

1 OFT have our ears, great God, been taught,
What for our fathers thou hast wrought;
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of thy works of old.

2 Not by their sword the land they gained,
Not their own arm their right sustained;
Thy gracious presence, and thy hand,
Bade them possess the promised land.

3 Still we disclaim our bow and sword,
And wait salvation from the Lord;
On him we trust, his mercies claim,
Whose presence puts our foes to shame.

4 From morning dawn till evening close,
Firm on our God our hopes repose:
Our Saviour, to thy name we'll raise
The tribute of eternal praise.

44. FOURTH VERSION. v. 23—26. L. M.

1 WHY should thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long-afflicted state?

2 Behold! our souls with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends;
And, while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth deserted lies.

3 Rise for our help, eternal Lord!
Salvation shall attend thy word:
Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim;
Redeem us, and exalt thy name.

45. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7. L. M.

The glory and government of Christ.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,—
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace:
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God! forever stands;
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

45. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—7. C. M

1 I'LL speak the honors of my King;
His form divinely fair:
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed:
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful scepter in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

45. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—6. **S. M.**

The glory and government of Christ.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God! are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A scepter in thy hand.

45. FOURTH VERSION. v. 3, 4, 5. **H. M.**

The triumph of Christ.

1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.

Before his wheels, | Ye valleys rise,
In glad surprise, | And sink ye hills.

2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under thy banners move,
And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause | And far and wide
Shalt prosperous ride, | Dispense thy laws.

3 Before thine awful face,
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
The grace that conquers all.
The world shall know, | What wondrous things
Great King of kings, | Thine arm can do.

4 Here to my willing soul,
Bend thy triumphant way,
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display,
My heart, thy throne, | Bows low to thee,
Blest Jesus, see | To thee alone.

45. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1, 2, 9—11, 13—17. L. M.

Christ and his church.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold:
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

45. SIXTH VERSION. v. 7, 9—11, 16. S. M.

Christ and his church.

1 THY God, my Saviour King,
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

2 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.

3 Fair bride, receive his love;
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thine idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

4 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ!
Thy children shall his honors sing
In palaces of joy.

46. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. L. M.

The church's safety among desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

46. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—7. C. M.

1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from his throne above,—
It cheers his church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers:
The Lord of hosts is still the same;
The God of grace is ours.

46. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—5. P. M.

1 GOD is our refuge ever near,
Our help in tribulation;
Therefore his people shall not fear,
Amid a wrecked creation;
Though mountains from their base be hurled,
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.

2 The stream that flows from Zion's hill,
Shall yet, serenely gliding,
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding:
The Lord, her glory and defence,
Will guard his chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

46. FOURTH VERSION. v. 4, 5. 7s & 6s P.

The church's safety among desolations.

1 FROM the throne of God there springs
A pure, a crystal stream;
Life and peace, and joy it brings
To his Jerusalem:
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place,
Where God resides below.

2 God, most merciful, most high,
Doth in his Zion dwell:
Kept by him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell:
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth his church defend;
Saves them by his kindly grace,
And saves them to the end.

46. FIFTH VERSION. v. 6, 9—11. L. M.

God the defence of his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

3 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

4 'Be still, and learn that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands:
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands.'

5 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

47. v. 1, 2, 5—9. C. M.

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And Gentiles taste his grace.

6 These western climes are all the Lord's,
Here Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

48. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—9. S. M.

The church the honor and safety of a nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 [When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud
And sinks them in the seas.]

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48. SECOND VERSION. v. 10—14. S. M

The beauty of the church.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,—
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

48. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—3, 8, 11—14. 11s & 8s.

Safety and beauty of the church.

1 OH! great is Jehovah, and great be his praise;
In the city of God he is King:
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays;
On the mount of his holiness sing.

2 The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

3 Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice;
For thou wilt establish her seat from above,
Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

4 Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks, mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and her pinnacles tell.

5 Then say to your children—'Our refuge is tried,
This God is our God to the end;
His people forever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall forever defend.'

49. FIRST VERSION. v. 6—8, 14, 15. L. M.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 Can they redeem one hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Or give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust?

3 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

4 His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just,
To full dominion o'er the proud.

5 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

49. SECOND VERSION. v. 14, 15. C. M.

Death and the resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home;
Th' inheritance is sure:
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

50. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 3—6. C. M

The last judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,—
'Judgment will ne'er begin;'
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

6 'Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace.'

50. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 3, 22. 10s & 11s.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day:
Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise!
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend:
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion:
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

50. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—7. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LO! the mighty God appearing—
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him:
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! he comes,—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries,—
'Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 'Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:
Blest Redeemer!
Choicest sacrifice to God!'

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment!
God, himself the Judge, is there.

50. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. C. M.

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 'Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove:
Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain
Without the fire of love.

3 'And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 'Could you expect to shun my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light
With anguish in your soul.'

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

50. FIFTH VERSION. v. 16—22. L. M.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

3 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

4 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

50. SIXTH VERSION. v. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. C. M.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 Call upon me when trouble's near,—
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honor due to me.

4 The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best;
And those that tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste.

51. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4. L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51. SECOND VERSION. v. 4, 9—11. S. M.

1 AGAINST thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

2 Blot out my grievous sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

3 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

51. THIRD VERSION. v. 3—5, 7—13. C. M.

Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul,
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove!

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne
And turn to God again.

51. FOURTH VERSION. v. 5—8, 10. L. M.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51. FIFTH VERSION. v. 9—17. L. M

The backslider penitent and restored.

1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

51. SIXTH VERSION. v. 14—17. C. M.

Repentance, and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise.
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

51. SEVENTH VERSION. v. 16—19. S. M.

1 NO offering God requires,
No victims please his eye;
Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.

2 The humble contrite breast,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts on which his love can rest,
Nor will the Lord despise.

3 Thy mercies from above
To Zion, Lord, extend:
Built by thy power and watched with love,
Now let her walls ascend.

4 Well pleased, thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praises rise,
Presented at the throne to thee,
With Jesus' sacrifice.

52. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 3—5, 8, 9. L. M.

The pride, folly, and end of the wicked.

1 WHY do the wicked boast of sin,
And steel their hearts against the Lord?
His goodness shall forever shine;
Forever stand his holy word.

2 Their hearts delight in guile and wrong,
In truth perplexed, and souls o'erthrown;
Hence scorn and falsehood rule their tongue,
And hence their feet to mischief run.

3 Like raging fire thy wrath shall burn;
Thy besom sweep them to the grave;
Their branch, their root, thy hand o'erturn,
And not a friend be found to save.

4 But in thy courts will I be seen,
Growing in faith, and hope, and love,
Like olives fair, and fresh, and green,
And ripening for the world above.

5 There will I learn thy glory, Lord,
And songs for all thy goodness raise;
There will I wait to hear thy word,
While listening saints approve the praise.

52. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5, 8, 9. C. M.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heavenly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 The Lord in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultured olive-grove,
Dressed in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

53. v. 4—6. C. M.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise,
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despised their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

54. v. 1, 3—7. S. P. M.

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

1 MY God, preserve my soul;
O make my spirit whole!
To save me let thy strength appear;
Strangers my steps surround;
Their pride and rage confound,
And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those that against me rise
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord:
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame,
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3 But, O thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine,—
The men that still my soul sustain;
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain.

4 Escaped from every woe,
O grant me, here below,
To praise thy name with those I love;
And, when beyond the skies
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

55. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—8. C. M

The afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levelled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.

4 Oh, were I like a feathered dove,
Soon would I stretch my wings,
And fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To shun the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

55. SECOND VERSION. v. 16—18, 22, 23. C. M.

God our confidence.

1 GOD shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

2 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

3 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

4 My highest hopes shall not be vain;
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

55. THIRD VERSION. v. 15—17, 19, 22. S. M.

Dangerous prosperity; or daily devotions.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

56. v. 8—13. C. M.

God's care of his people in answer to prayer.

1 GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
Thou treasurest my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

3 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing,—'How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!'

5 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

57. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11. 1. M

Praise for protection, grace and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed: my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

57. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5. L. M.

Refuge in God under trouble.

1 WHEN gathering storms around me spread,
My gracious God, command thy aid:
Let mercy's guardian care inclose,
Since on thy mercy I repose.

2 Beneath thy shade my troubled mind
Its refuge and its rest would find:
Beneath thy wings my soul I'll cast,
Till life's last gloomy hour be past.

3 Up to Jehovah, God most High!
Through earth's dark clouds I urge my cry;
Whose mercy can allay the storm,
And all I want or wish perform.

4 From heaven my God his aid shall send,
From every enemy defend;
His mercy and his truth display,
Nor let my fiercest foes dismay.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, thy high abode!
O'er all the glories earth can claim
Extend the honors of thy name!

57. THIRD VERSION. v. 5, 7, 9—11. L. M.

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed—'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

58. v. 1, 2, 7, 9—11. L. P. M.

Warning to magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners go secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never known,
God is your Judge, and he alone?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,—
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
They perish like dissolving frost;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So shall their hopes and names be lost.

4 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,—
'Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay.'

59. FIRST VERSION. S. P. M.

Complaints against unbelievers.

1 O SAVE thy servants, Lord!
Fulfill thy gracious word,
For evil men against us rise;
Causeless our souls they hate;
Against our lives they wait,
And aim their malice at the skies.

2 In sin their hearts delight;
In sin their hands unite;
Estranged and evil, from the womb;
With lies their tongues begin;
They grow in every sin,
Till down they hasten to the tomb.

3 Deaf to that charming voice,
That bids the world rejoice,
The gospel sound of pardoning love,
The calls of gentle peace,
The hopes of life and bliss,
And glory, in the world above:—

4 Blind to those truths divine,
That, fair and lovely, shine,
And teach the Godhead there alone;
Tidings of peace refined,
And joy to all mankind,
And mercy to a world undone:—

5 They hate thy glory, Lord,
They mock thy holy word;
The snares of death their hands employ;
With flattery and deceit,
For souls they lie in wait,
And help the fowler to destroy.

59. SECOND VERSION. 8 P. M.

Miserable end of the wicked.

1 WHEN God in wrath shall rise,
T' avenge deceit and lies,
What anguish shall the wicked tear!
The men that slight thy name,
That boast of sin and shame,
And proudly cry,—'What God shall hear?'

2 Thou hear'st, omniscient Lord,
Each curse, and idle word,
And all the scoffs of lips profane;
And when the night of death
Shall stop their impious breath,
Their souls shall seek for peace in vain.

3 Oh, how will sinners need
An advocate to plead,
Accepted at thine awful throne!
How in that solemn hour,
Will faith's transcendent power
Outweigh all things beneath the sun!

4 Yet save their souls, O Lord;
Subdue them by thy word,
Though all their powers oppose thy reign;
As scattered foes submit,
Bow them beneath thy feet,
Nor let them read thy wrath in vain.

60. v. 1—5, 10—12. C. M

On a day of humiliation in time of war.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we forever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Thy people shake beneath thy stroke,
And dread thy threatening hand;
O heal the nation thou hast broke!
Confirm the wavering land.

3 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy belovéd with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

4 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

5 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

61. v. 1—6. S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 5—12. L. M.

Trust in God alone.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,—
'All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too.'

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

62. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 5—8. S. M.

Trust in God alone.

1 IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly confident look up,
Till he salvation send.

2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My refuge, and my tower;
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

4 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above;
In every strait surround his throne,
And hang upon his love.

63. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 6, 11. L. M.

Longing after God in his house.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Amid the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

63. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 6—8. S. M

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find a place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

6 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

7 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

63. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—5. C. M.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—3. L. P. M.

1 O GOD—my gracious God—to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant!
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

63. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1, 8, 6, 7, 3. L. M.

Longing after God.

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with thee?

63. SIXTH VERSION. v. 6—8. C. M.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3 My spirit labors up thy hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

64. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4, 7—10. L. M.

Prayer in confidence of deliverance from enemies.

1 HEAR me, O God! my voice attend,
While at thy throne in prayer I bend:
Preserve my life when danger's near,
From every foe, from every fear.

2 O hide me from the secret snare,
When sin and death their arts prepare:
From powers of earth and hell combined,
Let me in thee my refuge find!

3 Swift at the just their arrows fly;
Around the fated victims die;
Nor yields their senseless heart to fear,
Though destined vengeance hasten near.

4 But God, his arrows on the string,
Shall mighty vengeance round him fling:
Their sharpened tongues themselves shall slay,
While men behold and haste away.

5 Then shall the world thy justice fear,
And tremble while thy judgment's near;
But glory shall adorn the just,
While in Jehovah's arm they trust.

64. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—6. S. P. M

A complaint against evil companions.

1 SAVE me from evil men,
The impious and profane,
That seek the faithful to destroy;
More keen than pointed swords,
They dart their bitter words,
To wound his name, his hope, and joy.

2 The pit and secret snare,
Conjoined their hands prepare,
And say,—'What God shall see or hear'
The thoughtless, young, and gay,
Who tread that dangerous way,
Shall find a sure destruction there.

3 Each wile their hearts combine,
To tempt the wretch to sin,
To curse and swear, to lie and steal;
Each crime with charms display,
And reason guilt away,
And strew with flowers the road to hell.

4 The child, to virtue given,
And trained with care for heaven,
Their deep laid mischiefs lure astray;
With pangs a father views,
With tears a mother rues,
Her son, her darling, made a prey.

64. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—10. S. P. M.

Wicked men the means of their own ruin.

1 WHEN men of mischief rise
In secret 'gainst the skies,
Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave;
And Oh! beyond the tomb,
How dreadful is their doom,
Where not a hand is reached to save!

2 Themselves their wiles shall snare;
The pits, their hands prepare,
Before their feet destruction spread;
The slander they devise,
Their malice and their lies,
Shall fall with vengeance on their head.

3 The world with awe shall hear;
In Zion rebels fear,
And stay their hands from guilt and sin;
To thee present their cry
To save them ere they die,
And mark, and know, thy hand divine.

4 With new born love and grace,
Increasing faith and praise,
Thy saints shall bid their songs ascend;
That truth and virtue find,
In the all-ruling Mind,
To them and to their friends, a Friend.

65. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. L. M.

Public prayer and praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shalt lift their eyes,
And distant islands of the sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee:
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

5 With dreadful glory God fulfills
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

6 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

65. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5, 8. C. M.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail;
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

65. THIRD VERSION. v. 5, 8—13. L. M

The universal providence of God.

1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

2 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day:
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

3 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dressed in flowers.

4 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

5 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

65. FOURTH VERSION. v. 6—13. C. M

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine:
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65. FIFTH VERSION. v. 9—13. C. M

A Psalm for the husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And happy laborers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop,
The parchéd grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns:
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

65. SIXTH VERSION. v. 6—13. H. M

The providence of God in the seasons.

1 HOW pleasing is thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King,
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!

The rains return, | And plains and hills
The ice distills, | Forget to mourn.

2 [The lofty mountains stand,
Established by thine arm;
Thy voice the ocean stills,
The tumult, and the storm.

Through earth and skies, | Thy tokens dread
With terror spread, | All lands surprise.]

3 The morn with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing, o'er the hills.

Soft suns ascend; | And beauty glows
The mild wind blows; | To earth's far end.

4 Thou mak'st the pastures green;
Thou call'st the flocks abroad;
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God.

Both bird and beast | And, happy, share
Partake thy care, | The general feast.

5 Thy showers make soft the fields;
On every side behold
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold!

The laborers sing | And, blest, rejoice
With cheerful voice, | In God, their King.

6 [The thunder is his voice;
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.

The balmy breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.]

7 With life he clothes the spring;
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.

His gifts divine
Through all appear,
And round the year
His glories shine.

66. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 7—12. C. M.

God's power and goodness.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,—
'How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow.'

3 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

4 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfill his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine:
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

6 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

66. SECOND VERSION. v. 13—20. C. M.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power,
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known:
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid:
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 Had sin lain covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God—his name be ever blessed—
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

67. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Prayer for the increase of the church.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heavenly grace!
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

5 Earth shall confess her maker's hand,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

67. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5. S. M.

Prayer for the increase of the church.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

67. THIRD VERSION. H. M.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine,
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know

2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise:
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God! assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth thy glorious power:
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall teem with fruitfulness.

67. FOURTH VERSION. 7s 6 l.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
To the earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

67. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1, 2, 6, 7. 7s.

1 ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

68. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the hosts of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He comes arrayed in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

68. SECOND VERSION. v. 17, 18. L. M.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou did'st ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68. THIRD VERSION. v. 24—29. 7s.

Praise to the ascended Saviour.

1 LORD, thy church hath seen thee rise,
To thy temple in the skies:
God my Saviour! God my King!
Still thy ransomed round thee sing.

2 When, in glories all divine,
Through the earth thy church shall shine,
Kings in prayer and praise shall wait,
Bending at thy temple-gate.

68. FOURTH VERSION. v. 19, 9, 20, 22. L. M.

Praise for temporal blessings.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy and endless pains.

5 His mighty hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

68. FIFTH VERSION. v. 32—35. L. M.

The majesty of God.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

69. FIRST VERSION. v. 14, 15, 18—21, 29, 30. C. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our lips with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound;
While for a sacrifice he pours
His life upon the ground.

4 They tread his honor to the dust,
And laugh when he complains;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to his pains.

5 With vinegar they mock his thirst,
They give him gall for food;
And sporting with his dying groans,
They triumph in his blood.

6 But he shall rise to praise thy name,
And reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O our God,
Shall seat him on thy throne.

69. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

Christ's obedience and death.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace;
I bless my Saviour's name:
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress hath raised us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

69. THIRD VERSION. L. M.

Christ's passion, and the sinner's salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord:
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath;
While hosts of hell and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their base design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

70. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Protection against enemies.

1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain:
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey:—

3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,—
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

70. SECOND VERSION. 7s.

Protection against enemies.

1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armèd bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bowed with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God, and look on me.

4 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save.

70. THIRD VERSION. L. M.

A prayer of the church for the presence of Christ.

1 O THOU, whose hand the kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And show thy power and glory here!

2 O haste, with every gift inspired,
With glory, truth, and grace attired,
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn;
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn!

3 Assert the honor of thy name;
O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame;
Bid them beneath thy footstool lie,
Nor let their souls forever die.

71. FIRST VERSION. v. 5—9. C. M

The aged christian's reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 [My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.]

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

71. SECOND VERSION. v. 17, 18. C. M

The aged christian's prayer.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

71. THIRD VERSION. v. 19—21. C. M.

The aged christian's experience and trust.

1 THY righteousness, O God, is high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

2 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand hath pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

3 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down,
Securely to the grave.

4 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

71. FOURTH VERSION. v. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

72. FIRST VERSION. 7s & 6s.

The blessings of Christ's kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—love.

72. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—8. I. M

The blessings of Christ's kingdom.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—19. L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India, shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song:
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.]

8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72. FOURTH VERSION. v. 10, 11. H. M.

1 FAR as the isles extend
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their offerings round:

Arabia raise | And Afric join
The song divine, | T' exalt his praise.

2 All princes shall adore,
And gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel king:

Remotest lands | And earth obey
Shall homage pay, | His high commands.

72. FIFTH VERSION. v. 17—19. S. M.

The blessings of Christ's kingdom.

1 JESUS the Saviour's name
Forever shall endure;
Long as the sun his matchless fame
Shall ever stand secure.

2 Jehovah, God most high!
We spread thy praise abroad;
Through the whole world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God!

3 Wonders of grace and power
To thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore,
In everlasting song.

4 O Israel, bless him still,
His name to honor raise;
Let the whole earth his glory fill,
Mid songs of grateful praise.

5 Amen, our lips repeat,—
Amen, we shout again:
Here all our wishes are complete,
Let God our Saviour reign!

73. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—10, 13—24. C. M.

The folly of envying prosperous sinners.

1 NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,—
'How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!

3 ['With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.]

4 'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain:
For I am chastened all the day,
The night renews my pain.'

5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove :—
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love.'

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awoke in hell.

73. SECOND VERSION. v. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise—
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

73. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 3, 16—18, 28. S. M

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learned his end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And, oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

73. FOURTH VERSION. v. 23—28. C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners that remove,
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73. FIFTH VERSION. v. 23—26. L. M.

1 O LORD, thy counsels and thy care
My safety and my comfort are:
And thou shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

2 In whom but thee in heaven above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

3 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away:
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

4 But oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph when I die:
My strength, my portion, is divine;
And Jesus is forever mine!

74. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4, 9. C. M.

The church in persecution pleading with God.

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar:
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

4 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

5 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
The best, the wisest mourn;
And not a friend, nor promise, shows
The time of thy return.

74. SECOND VERSION. v. 10, 16—20, 22. C. M.

The church in persecution pleading with God.

1 HOW long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

2 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

3 Hath not thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

4 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that formed them first,
Avenge thine injured name?

5 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

6 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

75. v. 1, 4—7. L. M.

Applied to the American Revolution.

1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

2 Our fathers once, thy chosen sons,
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
They sought the sovereign of the skies.

3 'T was then, great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge invaders from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.

4 Thy hand, that formed the restless main,
And reared the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
'T is God, the judge, doth one advance,
'T is God that lays another low.

6 Now let oppressors sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

76. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 6—10. C. M.

Zion's God terrible to her enemies.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

4 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

5 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

6 When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save th' oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

76. SECOND VERSION. v. 6—12. L. P. M.

Zion's God terrible to her enemies.

1 WHEN thou whom earth and heaven revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal power can stand thy sight?
When Jacob's God begins to frown,
The horse and chariot overthrown,
Together sleep in endless night.

2 Earth, hushed in terror, hears its doom
Pronounced from heaven,—when thou dost come,
The meek with justice to restore:
The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of almighty power.

3 Vow to the Lord: ye nations, bring
Your tribute to th' eternal King—
To his dread name your homage pay:
He all created power can quell;—
Let all who on his footstool dwell
With trembling reverence own his sway.

77. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—11, 16—20. 7s & 6s

Faith prevailing over despondency.

1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off forever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No: this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe:
The clouds shot hail,—they lightened;
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulph of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone.
Through the wild sea thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore:
Still on the waves thou treadest,
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

77. SECOND VERSION. v. 11—14, 16—20. C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient providences.

1 'HOW awful is thy chastening rod!'
May thine own children say,—
'The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
How holy is his way!'

2 I'll meditate his works of old—
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come!
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

4 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend thy wondrous way,
That brings thy mercies down.

5 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.]

6 Thine arrows through the skies were hurled—
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And his own saints adored.

7 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promised land.

77. THIRD VERSION. v. 15, 16, 19, 20. L. P M.

1 OF old, O God, across the sea
Thine arm prepared thine Israel's way;
Thy steps pursued the path unknown:
And still, through dark and searchless deeps,
Thy providence its tenor keeps,
Unveiled but to thyself alone.

2 As safely thus to Canaan's land,
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,

Thy power of old thy people led;
Thy church shall now thy wonders know,
While to their heavenly rest they go,
Secure, with Jesus at their head!

77. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—7. C. M.

Melancholy assaulting.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filled the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Still I complained, and still oppressed
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I called thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

77. FIFTH VERSION. v. 7—13. C. M.

Hope prevailing.

1 WILL God forever cast me off,
And will his promise fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

2 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

3 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

4 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

78. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7. C. M.

God's providences recounted to posterity.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known—
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

78. SECOND VERSION. v. 23—34. C. M.

Wrong desires gratified and punished.

1 WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 But they in murmuring language said,—
'Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste.'

4 He gave them all their own desire;
And, greedy, as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

5 When some were slain, the rest returned
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.

6 Oft he chastised and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he resolved to save,
Possessed the promised land.

78. THIRD VERSION. v. 40—42, 34—39. L. M.

Backsliding and forgiveness.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false are we.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned and sought the Lord again;
Called him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

4 Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flattering words or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

5 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserved to live;
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

6 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abra'm loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

79. FIRST VERSION. v. 1 5—8. C. M.

Complaint of a nation or of the church.

1 O GOD, attend, while hosts of foes
Thy heritage invade;
Thy Salem has become a heap;
Thy house a ruin made.

2 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long delay thy grace?
How long thy hapless children mourn
The hidings of thy face?

3 Thy vengeance shall find out our foes,
Who mock thy fearful name,
Who hate thy laws, deride thy word,
And glory in their shame.

4 While they thy chosen flock devour,
And all our cities waste;
Forget our sins and follies, Lord,
And let thy mercy haste.

79. SECOND VERSION. v. 9—13. C. M

Prayer of a nation or of the church.

1 O LORD of hosts, for Jesus' sake—
The glory of thy name—
Cleanse us from guilt, our hearts renew,
And wipe away our shame.

2 Why should our foes insulting cry,—
'Where is the God you boast,
This fabled Lord of earth and heaven,
Your triumph and your trust?'

3 Arise, O God, and let thy hand
With awful glory shine;
With terror make our haughty foes
Confess thy name divine.

4 Behold our blood, our sighs regard,
And with almighty power
Rescue thy saints condemned to die,
And bid us fear no more.

5 On them their foul reproach shall turn,
And wound with sevenfold scorn;
While we, thy flock, thy grace proclaim
To ages yet unborn.

79. THIRD VERSION. v. 8, 9. S. M.

Prayer for mercy.

1 THOU gracious God and kind,
O cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

80. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 3—5, 7. L. M.

The church's prayer under affliction.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

80. SECOND VERSION. v. 8—15, 19. L. M.

The vineyard of God wasted.

1 LORD, thou hast planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands;
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

2 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

3 Why is her beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours thy vine.

4 Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

81.

FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 8—16. S. M.

The warnings of God to his people.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 'From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

3 'Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well:
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;—

4 'I'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dangerous road,—
'T is their own chosen way.

5 'Yet O, that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 'While I destroyed their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock;
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock.'

81. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—4. C. M.

For the Lord's day in his sanctuary.

1 TO God, our strength, your voice, aloud,
In strains of glory raise;
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,
Exalt the notes of praise.

2 With psalms of honor and of joy,
Let all his temples ring;
Your various instruments employ,
And songs of triumph sing.

3 Now let the gospel trumpet blow,
On his appointed feast,
And teach his waiting church to know
The Sabbath's sacred rest.

4 This was the statute of the Lord,
To Israel's favored race:
And yet his courts preserve his word,
And there we wait his grace.

82. *Magistrates warned.* L. M.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye, then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod:
He is our Judge, and he our God.

83. 1—3, 16—18. S. M.

A complaint against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace,
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what crafty snares
The men of mischief spread:
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

4 Then shall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word,
Jehovah, is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

84. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7. L. M

Public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 4. C. M.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

84. THIRD VERSION. v. 2, 3, 10. C. M.

1 O LORD, my heart cries out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

2 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I love!

3 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employed in carnal joys.

4 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

5 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

84. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—7. H. M.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode | With warm desires
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints | To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, | Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.

O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

84. FIFTH VERSION. v. 10—12. H. M.

1 TO spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside.

Where God resorts, | To keep the do
I love it more | Than shine in co

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
He will bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts! | Alone in thee.

84. SIXTH VERSION. v. 8—12. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy, that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, thy sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

84. SEVENTH VERSION. v. 1, 12, 6, 7. C. M.

The blessedness of the devout.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion's courts appear.

85. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—8. L. M.

Deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85. SECOND VERSION. v. 9—13. L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

85. THIRD VERSION. v. 7, 9, 10, 12, 13. H. M

1 THY mercy, O our God,
To all thy church display:
Proclaim thy grace abroad,
And spread the gospel-day:
High on thy throne, | And quickly send
Our prayers attend; | Salvation down.

2 Jesus the Saviour 's nigh
To those who fear his name;
He comes!—his praise on high
Let all his church proclaim!
His footsteps still | And all the land
On earth shall stand, | His glory fill.

3 Now truth and mercy meet!
In Jesus' face they shine;
And peace and justice greet,
With smiles of love divine:
With heavenly grace | They join again
Midst sons of men, | Their kind embrace.

4 The Lord his blessing pours
Around our favored land;
His grace like gentle showers
Descends at his command:
O'er all the plains | In rich supplies—
Blest fruits arise, | Since Jesus reigns.

5 His righteousness alone
Prepares his wondrous way:
He rises to his throne,
In realms of endless day!
His steps we trace, | And, heaven in view,
His path pursue; | Adore his grace.

86. FIRST VERSION. v. 8—13. **C. M.**

A general song of praise to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There 's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,—
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

86. SECOND VERSION. v. 8—10. **7s.**

God alone to be worshipped.

1 THOU, Jehovah, God o'er all!
Idol gods to thee shall fall:
None thy wondrous works can share;
None with thee in might compare.

2 Formed by thy creative hand,
Let the nations round thee stand;
Prostrate at thy throne confess,
And adore the Saviour's grace.

3 Great in power!—thine arm divine!
Round the world thy wonders shine:
Bid the world thy glories own—
Thou art God—and thou alone!

87. *God's favor to the church.* **L. M**

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows:
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, the Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

88. FIRST VERSION. *Paraphrase.* L. P. M.

Loss of friends, and absence of divine grace.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom:
My friends, beloved in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some thronged assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgot and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.

4 And why will God neglect my call?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
Or wake, or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs?

5 Yet through each melancholy day,
I've prayed to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return—
But oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn

88. SECOND VERSION. v. 10, 11, 12. L. M.

Hope of the resurrection.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 [In death's obscure, oblivious realms,
No truths are taught, nor wonders shown;
No mercy beams to warm the heart;
Thy name unsung, thy grace unknown.

3 No lips proclaim redeeming love,
With praise and transport in the sound;
The gospel's glory never shines,
And hope and peace are never found.

4 But in those silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

5 Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be born?

6 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?]

7 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears :
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

8 Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquished grave ;
He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken and to save.

9 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way ;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

10 The trump shall sound, the dust awake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring ;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

88. THIRD VERSION. v. 10, 11, 12. L. M

Life the only accepted time.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blessed the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he 's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 No wonders to the dead are shown—
The wonders of redeeming love ;
No voice his glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

88. FOURTH VERSION. S. M.

Solemn thoughts after dangerous sickness.

1 STRETCHED on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain
Had worn my strength away.

2 Then oh, how vain appeared
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past, like flowers that blow,
When wintry storms are nigh.

3 How mourned my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consumed in sense and sin!

4 The work, the mighty work
Of life, so long delayed;
Repentance, yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed!

5 Then to the Lord I prayed,
And raised a bitter cry,—
'Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I forever die.'

6 He heard my humble cry;
He saved my soul from death;
To him I 'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

88. FIFTH VERSION. V. 1—3, 7—9, 14, 13. 7s & 6s

Prayer under desertion.

1 LORD God of my salvation!
To thee, to thee I cry:
O let my supplication
Arrest thine ear on high:
Distresses round me thicken;
My life draws nigh the grave:
Descend, O Lord, to quicken;
Descend, my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul;
Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt thou, too, Father, spurn me?
Wilt thou refuse to hear?

3 No;—banished and heart-broken,
My soul still clings to thee;
The promise thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be:
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase,
And scourge me from my errors
To duty, hope, and peace.

89. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

89. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5, 7. L. M.

The faithfulness of God.

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,—
'With thee my covenant first was made;
In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 'Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
Thy children shall be ever blest;
Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like my own.'

4 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus, her Saviour, and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—14. C. M

The divine majesty worshipped.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89. FOURTH VERSION. v. 15—18. C. M.

The glorious gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

89. FIFTH VERSION. v. 47—52. L. M.

Mortality and hope. A funeral Psalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine, and cry,—
'Must death forever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 'Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?'
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89. SIXTH VERSION. v. 47—52. L. P. M.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demand of death,
With skill to fly or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,—
'The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where 's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blesséd be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blesséd be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

90. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 5—7, 9, 12. L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,—
'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,—
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

90. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—5. C. M

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—3, 12. C. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of all thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before the lofty mountains rose,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
When thou dost speak the word, Return—
'T is instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that 's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That unto wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

90. FOURTH VERSION. v. 5, 10, 12. S. M.

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

90. FIFTH VERSION. v. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. C. M.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin.

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 They are but few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all, beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

6 [Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.]

90. SIXTH VERSION. v. 13—17. C. M.

Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

91. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7, 14—16. 8s & 7s.

Divine protection.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above.

Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save,
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

91. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5, 6. L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say,—'My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower:
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make thine Almighty arm my trust.'

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,—
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is thy life; his wings are spread
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

91. THIRD VERSION. v. 7. L. M.

1 WHAT though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died;
Thy God his chosen people saves
Among the dead, amid the graves.

2 So when he sent his angel down,
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.

3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

91. FOURTH VERSION. v. 9—16. C. M

Divine protection through the ministry of angels.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'T will raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 [Their hands shall bear you lest you fall
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?]

5 'Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them,' saith the Lord;
'I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction, and the sword.

6 'My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

7 'Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honor them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given.'

92. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—11. L. M

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2. S. M.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

92. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—5. 7s.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1 THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

92. FOURTH VERSION. v. 12—15. L. M.

The church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive:
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show,
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

The eternal and Almighty King.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In majesty arrayed;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds he made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or skies were stretched abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above,
Thou everlasting God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise—
The angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the raging seas;
He speaks!—and noise and tempest fly;
The waves sink down in peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;
Eternal truth is thine;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thine image shine.

93. THIRD VERSION. 10s & 11s.

The eternal and almighty King.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies:
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

93. FOURTH VERSION. S. P. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar:
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

93. FIFTH VERSION. v. 3—5. L. M.

1 THE floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
The mighty floods lift up their roar;
The floods in tumult loud rejoice,
And climb in foam the sounding shore.

2 But mightier than the mighty sea,
The Lord of glory reigns on high:
Far o'er its waves we look to thee,
And see their fury break and die.

3 Thy word is true, thy promise sure,
That ancient promise, sealed in love;
Here be thy temple ever pure,
As thy pure mansions shine above.

94. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 7—14. C. M.

Saints chastised and sinners destroyed.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say,—'The Lord nor sees nor hears;'
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who formed their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But, if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy chastenings make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break:
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

94. SECOND VERSION. v. 16—19. C. M.

God our support and comfort.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

3 'Alas! my sliding feet,' I cried;—
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

95. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—8, 11. C. M.

A Psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing:
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,—
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

95. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—9, 11. S. M

A Psalm before prayer or sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;—

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear,—
'You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there.'

95. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—7. 8s. A

A Psalm before prayer or sermon.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving, record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
Jehovah is King, and he reigns—
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's—he laid
Its solid foundations below.
O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God;
The people who serve him with zeal,
The flock whom he guides with his rod.

95. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—3, 6—9. L. M

A warning to delaying sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign king; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word:
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
Provoked the vengeance of his rod,
And tired the patience of their God.

5 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

96. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—10. L. P. M.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word,
In these far climes Jehovah's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

96. SECOND VERSION. v. 2—5, 7. S. M.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 SING to the Lord our God,
And bless his sacred name;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

2 Mid heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all th' earth be known.

3 Great is th' eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise:
O'er all the gods, on high adored,
His mightier arm he'll raise.

4 The gods the heathen boasts,
Nor hear, nor see, nor move:
Jehovah is the Lord of hosts,
Who spread the heavens above.

5 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation sing;
Glory, and grace, and might, ascribe
To our eternal King.

96. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 10—13. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink,—ye valleys, rise,—
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

97. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 10, 12. L. M.

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

97. SECOND VERSION. v. 6—9. L. M

Christ's incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—5. L. M.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

97. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. C. M.

Christ's incarnation and the last judgment.

1 YE lands and isles of every sea,
Rejoice,—the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at the sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

98. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4. C. M.

Praise for the gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfills the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

98. SECOND VERSION. v. 5—9. C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains.
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4. S. M.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE Lord, Jehovah reigns,—
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,—
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
And swift fulfill his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

99. SECOND VERSION. v. 5, 6, 8, 9. S. M.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
For he's a God of holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God;
His grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100. FIRST VERSION. L. M

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100. SECOND VERSION. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100. THIRD VERSION. L. M.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:—

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed:
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

100. FOURTH VERSION. H. M.

Praise to our Creator.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power.

Let cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

With wide command | O'er every sea,
He spreads his sway | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live.

With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure:
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.

With bounteous hand | O'er every sea,
He spreads his sway | And every land.

100. FIFTH VERSION. 7s. D

1 O BE joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun:
In his praise with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one:

For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own;
We his people are—the sheep
He hath chosen, he will keep.

2 Come, and join the joyous throng
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim:
In his courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honors of his name:
Rich his bounty to our race;
Never failing is his grace;
Ready to forgive and bless;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

100. SIXTH VERSION. 11s & 8s. A.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
Jehovah is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his scepter we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

2 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

101. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 6—8. L. M.

The magistrate's psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favorites still.

5 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
Nor while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

101. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

A Psalm for a master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise:
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbor wrong
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,—
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll guard my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found,
A dwelling fit for thee.

102. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 7—9. C. M.

Complaint of the afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air:
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

4 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

5 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

6 Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

102. SECOND VERSION. v. 10—13, 20, 21. C. M.

The afflicted trusting in God.

1 SENSE can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 't was thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

2 My looks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

3 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

4 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

5 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

102. THIRD VERSION. v. 11, 12. L. M.

The afflicted trusting in God.

1 SWIFT as declining shadows pass,
Our days in quick succession fly;
And, transient as the withering grass,
Amid our youthful hopes we die.

2 But thou, our Saviour, shalt endure,
Thy years unchanged, eternal Lord!
Thy grace through every age is sure,
And firm the promise of thy word.

102. FOURTH VERSION. v. 13—21. C. M.

Prayer heard and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice:
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes 't exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

102. FIFTH VERSION. v. 23—28. L. M.

Men frail—the Lord unchanging.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amid the race:
Disease, and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;—
'Our Father and our Saviour live:
Christ is the same through every age.'

4 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

102. SIXTH VERSION. v. 25—28. C. M

God's immutability.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee, the beauteous arch of heaven,
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

5 Thy children's children still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

103. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. **L. M.**

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decayed his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last, great, rewarding day.

7 [Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

103. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—7. S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins ;
'T is he relieves thy pain ;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his belovéd Son.

103. THIRD VERSION. v. 8—18. S. M.

The abounding compassion of God.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide ;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 [He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.]

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103. FOURTH VERSION. v. 8—13. L. M

The abounding compassion of God.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread,
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amid his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

103. FIFTH VERSION. v. 14—18. L. M.

Man frail—God's love eternal.

1 THE mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

2 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

3 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103. SIXTH VERSION. v. 19—22. S. M.

Men and angels praising God.

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfill.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

104. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5, 9, 10, 13, 14, 24. L. M.

The glory of God, in creation and providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On wingéd storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires;
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet, thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

6 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parched earth enriching showers:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

7 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

8 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
All lands thy boundless riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

104. SECOND VERSION. v. 24, 27—35. L. M

1 VAST are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 But, when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

3 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men,
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honored with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

7 While haughty sinners are consumed,
Their glory with their dust entombed,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

105. *God's faithfulness.* C. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind,
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5. L. M.

God's faithfulness celebrated.

1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honor be addressed:
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

106. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4. L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

106. THIRD VERSION. v. 7, 8, 12—15, 43—48. S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And soon he brings them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He saved them from their foes:
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all their praise.

107. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 6—8. L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeeméd of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide:
He led their march far wandering round,—
'T was the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 O let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. SECOND VERSION. v. 9—16. L. M.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And satisfies the poor with good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;—

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scâtters all that dismal shade,
Which hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. THIRD VERSION. v. 17—22. L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 But let th' afflicted sinner fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word and heals.

3 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

107. FOURTH VERSION. v. 23—32. L. M.

The mariner's psalm.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish to be.

5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

107. FIFTH VERSION. v. 23—26, 28—32. **C. M.**

The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonished mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Then to the Lord they raise their cry;
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the sky,
And lays the floods to rest.

4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record.

107. SIXTH VERSION. v. 23—32. **7s.**

1 THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,—

2 Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

3 Up to heaven their bark is whirled,
On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurled
To the abysses of the grave.

4 [To and fro they reel—they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralize their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.]

5 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

107. SEVENTH VERSION. v. 1—3, 8, 33—35. 7s.

God's conduct of his people.

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

4 O that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

107. EIGHTH VERSION. v. 33—43. L. M.

A Psalm for New-England.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns the fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green,—
Send showery blessings from the skies;
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
God bids th' oppressed and poor repair,
And build them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want,
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.

6 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive;
And bids the dying churches live.]

7 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

8 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

108. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6, 11—13. L. M.

God's care of his church.

1 AGAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.

2 Ye saints rejoice—ye nations hear—
While I your Maker's praise declare:
High o'er the clouds his truth ascends;
Through earth, through heaven, his grace extends.

3 O'er heaven exalted is his throne;
In every world his glory shown;
The church he loves, his hand shall save
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.

4 O thou, beneath whose sovereign sway,
Nations and worlds in dust decay,
Though thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,
Thine aid denied, thy presence gone;—

5 Yet wilt thou still with love return;
With duty teach our hearts to burn;
Our dying graces, Lord, revive,
And bid thy fainting children live.

6 Save us from sin, and fear, and woe,
From every snare, and every foe,
And help us boldly to contend,
Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

108. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5, 6. C. M.

Morning worship.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake, my harp, to sing;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

109. v. 1—5, 31. C. M.

Christ's example of love to enemies.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song:
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause,—
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

110. FIRST VERSION. C. M

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.'

4 Jesus, our priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

5 God will exalt his glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain,
And strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

110. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3. L. M.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son,—'Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 'From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the scepter in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 'That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.'

4 O blesséd power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue;
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

111. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 7—10. C. M.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

111. SECOND VERSION. 1, 4, 5, 7—10. C. M.

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord: his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord:
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

112. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbors round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God, with all his power, is there.

4 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word:
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

112. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

112. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—6, 9. L. P. M.

1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 His liberal favors he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends:
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed:
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

112. FOURTH VERSION. v. 7, 4, 8. L. P. M.

The security of the righteous.

1 BESET with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved, the just maintains his ground:
His conscience holds his courage up;
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

2 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fixed on God relies;
Though waves and tempests roar around,
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drowned.

113. FIRST VERSION. L. P. M

The majesty and condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name forever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let land and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 [When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises, and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.]

113. SECOND VERSION. v 1—8. L. M.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love,—he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below!

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

113. THIRD VERSION. 7s.

1 ALL his servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King;
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

2 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne,—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

3 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.

5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—forever praise.

114. FIRST VERSION. L. M

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own,
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide
Or Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God;
The King of Israel,—see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

114. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5, 7, 8. C. M

1 WHEN forth from Egypt's trembling strand
The tribes of Israel sped,
And Jacob in the stranger's land
Departing banners spread;—

2 Then One, amid their thick array,
His kingly dwelling made,
And all along the desert way,
Their guiding scepter swayed.

3 The sea beheld, and struck with dread,
Rolled all its billows back;
And Jordan, through his deepest bed,
Revealed their destined track.

4 What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea,
And rolled thy waves in dread?
What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee,
And bare its deepest bed?

5 O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, tremble still;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

115. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—4, 9, 12, 17, 18. L. M.

The true God our refuge.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
But to thy name, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say 'Where's the God you've served so long?'

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

6 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

115. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 3, 4, 8, 9. 10s.

Image worship reproved.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name.

2 Earth is thy work; the heavens thy wisdom spread;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviors, and their saints of gold.

3 Be heaven and earth amazed! 'tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they:
O Israel! trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace.

116. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—9. C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries.
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
And chased my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 'My God,' I cried, 'thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.'

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 5—7, 12—15. L. M.

1 I LOVE the Lord; his gracious ear
Inclined to my distressful prayer;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

2 By sweet experience now I prove
His mercy, his unchanging love:
Low in the dust my hopes were laid,
But God appeared with timely aid.

3 Return, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thine almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

4 What shall I render to the Lord?
Or how his benefits record?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.

5 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day;
In life and death, the saints shall find
Their guardian God forever kind.

116. THIRD VERSION. v. 12—19. C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight,
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

117. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land:
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand:
Praise ye the faithful God.

117. SECOND VERSION. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117. THIRD VERSION. S. M.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

117. FOURTH VERSION. 7s.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

117. FIFTH VERSION. H. M.

1 JEHOVAH'S praise sublime
Through the wide earth be sung;
Ye realms of every clime!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His infinite compassion bless—
His everlasting faithfulness.

118. FIRST VERSION. v. 6—16. C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid,
Whate'er the sons of earth may do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'T is safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'T is through the Lord my heart is strong;
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like bees my foes beset me round,—
When God appears, they fly;
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118. SECOND VERSION. v. 17—21. C. M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live,—for none can die,
If God resolves to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house, where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

118. THIRD VERSION. v. 22, 23. C. M.

Christ the foundation of his church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
The saints adore his name!
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain:
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'T is thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118. FOURTH VERSION. v. 24, 25, 26. C. M.

A hosanna for the Lord's day.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord,—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

118. FIFTH VERSION. v. 22—27. S. M.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118. SIXTH VERSION. v. 22—27. L. M.

A hosanna for the Lord's day.

1 LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

119.* FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 165, 6, 119, 155. C. M.

Saints alone blessed.

1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

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* 'I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.'—*Watts' note.*

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

5 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

119. SECOND VERSION. v. 147, 55, 81, 164, 62. C. M.

Constant converse with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee:
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119. THIRD VERSION. v. 57, 60, 30, 14, 59, 94, 114, 112. C. M.

Sincerity, repentance and obedience.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding place;
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfill;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

119. FOURTH VERSION. v. 9, 130, 105, 99, 100, 104, 113, 160, 140, 116. C. M

The young instructed from the Scriptures.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119. FIFTH VERSION. v. 97, 148, 11, 13, 54, 19, 103, 72, 127, 28, 49, 175. C. M.

Delight in the scriptures.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

119. SIXTH VERSION. v. 128, 97, 9, 62, 162. C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the scriptures.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just:
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,—
'How sweet thy comforts be!'
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compared to mine.

119. SEVENTH VERSION. v. 96. C. M.

Imperfection of nature and perfection of scripture.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book,—
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought:
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness,
Dwell only with the Lord.

119. EIGHTH VERSION. v. 89—91, 160, 140, 9, 116. C. M

1 THE starry heavens thy rule obey;
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

2 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119. NINTH VERSION. v. 111. C. M.

The word of God the saint's portion.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119. TENTH VERSION. v. 64, 68, 18, 73, 125, 19, 26, 33, 34, 50, 71, 51, 27, 171. C. M.

Divine instructions sought.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do!

3 Since I 'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forgot thy law,
Nor let that blesséd gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

119. ELEVENTH VERSION. v. 38, 49, 41, 58, 107, 123, 42, 74. C. M

Pleading the promises.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail:
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust, as well as fear.

119. TWELFTH VERSION. v. 5, 33, 29, 37, 36, 133, 176, 35. C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

119. THIRTEENTH VERSION. v. 153, 39, 116, 122, 135, 82, 132. C. M.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid, the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,—
'When will the Lord his truth fulfill,
And make my comforts rise?'

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t'afford
To those that love thy name.

119. FOURTEENTH VERSION. v. 10, 11, 63, 53, 158, 161, 163, 120, 166, 174. C. M.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119. FIFTEENTH VERSION. v. 153, 81, 82, 71, 50, 92, 75, 67. C. M.

The benefit of afflictions.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found it good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119. SIXTEENTH VERSION. v. 93, 15, 16, 32, 13, 46, 61, 69, 70, 115. C. M.

Holy resolutions.

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies;
Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

119. SEVENTEENTH VERSION. v. 25, 37, 107, 156, 40, 159, 93. **C. M**

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119. EIGHTEENTH VERSION. v. 67, 59, 71—74. **L. M.**

Afflictions leading to God and his word.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand:
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell:
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.

4 The law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

120. *Strife lamented and peace desired.* C. M

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 Oh, might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue?

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Continual divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives—the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power,
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

121. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide, nor fall,
Whom he designs to keep :
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord :
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite :
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121. THIRD VERSION. C. M.

1 I TO the hills will lift my sight,
From which my help is given ;
My help is from Jehovah's might,
Who made the earth and heaven.

2 He will not rest, or cease to keep
Thy footsteps from the snare :
He will not rest, he will not sleep,
While Israel is his care.

3 Jehovah, as a shade shall run,
Attendant on thy right ;
By day to shield thee from the sun,
And from the moon by night.

4 Jehovah's strength, Jehovah's love,
Shall still thy soul befriend;
Thy wanderings guide, thy fears remove,
Till time shall have an end.

121. FOURTH VERSION. H. M

Continual divine protection.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

122. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

122. SECOND VERSION. S. P. M.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,—
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,—
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

122. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—3, 6. C. M.

Going to church.

1 O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,—
'Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O pray we then for Salem's peace—
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

122. FOURTH VERSION. v. 2, 4, 7, 8. S. M

1 OUR willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

122. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1—4. C. P.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,

Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away,—
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

123. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:—

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,—
That God will not despise.

123. SECOND VERSION. 7s.6l.

Homage and intreaty.

1 LORD, before thy throne we bend;
Lord, to thee, our eyes ascend:
Servants to our Master true,
Lo! we yield the homage due:
Children, to our Sire we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 To the dust our knees we bow,
We are weak, but mighty thou,
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
We await thy holy will;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 From the heavens, thy dwelling-place,
Shed, O shed, thy pardoning grace:
Turn to save us—none below
Pause to hear our silent woe;
Pleased or sad, a thoughtless throng,
Still they gaze, and pass along.

4 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour:
Swift to seal their captive's doom
See our foes exulting come!
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory!

124. *Public deliverance from treachery or tumult.* L. M.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide,—

2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallowed deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 Forever blesséd be the Lord,
Who broke for us the fowler's snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth, and built the skies:
He, who upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

125. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

The saint's trial and safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion still allays
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
Which the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

125. SECOND VERSION. S. M.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must receive our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126. FIRST VERSION. L. M

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
A grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appeared a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we reviewed our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,—
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrowed field,
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

126. SECOND VERSION. C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 'Great is the work,' my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
'And be the glory thine.'

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise,
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
'T will not deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost;
For grace insures the crop.

126. THIRD VERSION. v. 5, 6. S. M.

Reaping in due season.

1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

127. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—3, 5. L. M.

God's blessing on our business and friends.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;—

3 'T is all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God, our sovereign, make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

127. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—3, 5. C. M.

God's blessing on our business and friends.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue,—

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,—
In vain, till God has blessed;
But, if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

127. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 2. 8s & 7s.

God's blessing essential to success.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

128. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
Whose lips to God their honors yield,
Whose life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honor shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfill,
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

128. SECOND VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4—6. S. M.

Christian industry blessed.

1 HOW happy is his part,
Who makes the Lord his dread,
And keeps his ways with joyous heart,
And still unwavering tread!

2 The fruits of thine own toil
Shall thy repast supply;
And calmly, o'er thy plenteous soil,
Thy happy days shall fly.

3 Lo, thus the man shall live,
Who makes the Lord his dread;
And God, from Zion's height, shall give
Rich blessings on his head.

4 On Salem's peace thine eyes,
Through all thy days, shall rest;
Shall see thy children's children rise,
And see thine Israel blessed.

129. v. 1—5. C. M

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth,—may Israel say,—
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surprised,
To hear his thunders roll!
How were the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

130. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:—

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There 's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

130. SECOND VERSION. L. M.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raised my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And wish and long for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

131. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

131. SECOND VERSION. 8s & 7s.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly;
Humble all my swelling pride;
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I 'll hide:
I 'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

2 As the weaned child, repining,
Weeps upon the mother's breast,
Then, its hopes and griefs resigning,
Smiles, and yields, and sinks to rest:—

So my soul, the conflict stronger,
Shall at last to thee submit,
Thee, my God, resist no longer,
Own thy will, and patient sit.

3 Weaned from earth's vexatious pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.
Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely;
Then, from him thy joys arising,
Like himself shall never die.

131. THIRD VERSION. 7s & 5s.

1 LORD, I am not proud in heart,
Nor of lofty eye;
Nor aspire beyond my part
After things too high.

2 Like an infant meek and mild,
I have learned to rest;
Like a gentle, humble child,
On his mother's breast.

3 Thus, O Israel, trust the Lord,
Trust him, and adore:
He shall be thy full reward,
Now and evermore.

132. FIRST VERSION. v. 5, 13—17. L. M.

God dwelling in his church.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 'Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever,' saith the Lord;
'Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 'Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 'Girded with truth and clothed with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 'The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing:
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.'

132. SECOND VERSION. v. 8, 15—18. C. M.

God's presence in his temple invoked.

1 ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :—

3 'T is like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

133. SECOND VERSION. S. P. M.

1 HOW pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment, shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blessed his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distills.

133. THIRD VERSION. H. M.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree,
In friendship, to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'T is like the precious ointment shed,
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,—
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,—
E'en life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

133. FOURTH VERSION. S. M.

Love and worship in a family.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

134. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

134. SECOND VERSION. 7s.

1 FRIENDS of God in every land,
Ye that wait his high command,
Cheerful, to his courts repair;
Bless his name with gladness there.

2 There, with morning's early rays,
Lift your hands in holy praise;
There, at evening's solemn hour,
Bow before his throne of power.

3 There he meets his saints with grace;
There, reveals his glorious face;—
Heaven and earth's Creator blest:
In his love let Zion rest!

134. THIRD VERSION. C. M.

Evening public worship.

1 BLESS ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,—
Ye who, within his house, by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

2 Lift up your hands amid the place,
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

3 From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord, our Maker, send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

134. FOURTH VERSION. L. M.

1 O YE that serve the Lord of light,
Within his temple, night by night,
While thus ye keep your faithful ward,
Lift holy hands, and bless the Lord.

2 The Lord, who made the heavens on high,
The sun, the moon, the starry sky,
And spread, below, the earth and sea,
From Zion bless thy prayer and thee.

135. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7, 15—21. C. M.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King.
Your sweetest passions raise,—
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship wood or dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O Zion, trust the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy courts his blest abode,
And claims thine honors there.

135. SECOND VERSION. v. 5—13. L. M.

God the sovereign of nature and of nations.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne:
Whate'er he pleased, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapors rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest, from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell:
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

135. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—4, 14, 19—21. L. M.

The church, God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressors rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known the mighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

136. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—9, 23—26. C. M

Creation, providence, and redemption.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord:
'His mercies still endure;'
And be the King of kings adored;
'His truth is ever sure.'

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
'How mighty is his hand!'
Heaven, earth, and sea, he framed alone:
'How wide is his command!'

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
'How bright his counsels shine!'
The moon and stars adorn the night;
'His works are all divine.'

4 He saw the nations dead in sin:
'He felt his pity move:'
How sad the state the world was in!
'How boundless was his love!'

5 He sent to save us from our woe;
'His goodness never fails;'
From death, and hell, and every foe:
'And still his grace prevails.'

6 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
'His mercies still endure:'
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
'His truth is ever sure.'

136. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—9, 24. L. M

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.'

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.'

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.'

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.'

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.'

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.'

136. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—9, 23—26. H. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
'His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.'

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
'Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.'

3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
'His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.'

4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
'Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.'

5 He sent his holy Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
'His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.'

6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
'Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.'

136. FOURTH VERSION. 7s.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

137. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Captive Israel's lament.

1 BY Babel's streams the captives sate,
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;
Useless, their harps on willows hung,
While foes required a sacred song.

2 With taunting voice, and scornful eye,—
'Sing us a song of heaven,' they cry:
'While foes deride our God and King,
How can we tune our harps or sing?

3 'If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
Let useful skill our hands forsake;
Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

4 'Thou, ruined Salem, to our eyes
Each day in sad remembrance rise!
Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues.

5 'Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cried, exulting at our groans,
While Salem trembled to her base,
Rase them,—her deep foundations rase.'

6 While thus they sung, the mourners viewed
Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdued,
And saw his glory rise, who spread
Their streets and fields, with hosts of dead.

7 Pleased, they foresaw the blest decree,
That set their tribes from bondage free,
Renewed the temple, and restored
The sacred worship of the Lord.

137. SECOND VERSION. 10s.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

3 Our cruel tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons, a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise,—

5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

137. THIRD VERSION. v. 1, 5—7. S. M

Love to the church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice, or hands, deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

138. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2. L. M.

Praise to God in his house.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

138. SECOND VERSION. v. 3—8. L. M.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 TO God I cried, when troubles rose,—
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

2 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends, to see
The sons of humble poverty.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work, that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through:
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 How awful is thy searching eye!
Thy knowledge, Oh, how deep! how high!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—6. C. M.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

139. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—12. L. M.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
If down to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-seeing eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

6 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they 're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

7 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139. FOURTH VERSION. v. 7—12. C. M.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath
To shun the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3 If winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of moon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

139. FIFTH VERSION. v. 13—16. L. M.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame:
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsels framed,—
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,—
Was copied with unerring heart.

4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment joined
The finished members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

139. SIXTH VERSION. v. 13—16 C. M.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part,
Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thine art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine;
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

139. SEVENTH VERSION. v. 17, 18. L. M.

Countless mercies. An evening Psalm.

1 LORD, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

2 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

3 These on my heart are still impressed,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139. EIGHTH VERSION. v. 14, 17, 18. C. M.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

139. NINTH VERSION. v. 19—24. L. M

Sincerity professed and grace tried.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,—
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

140. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 4—6, 8, 12, 13. S. M.

A complaint against personal enemies.

1 MY God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 Ceaseless they lie in wait
My footsteps to betray;
They hide their snare, they set their gin,
Beside my peaceful way.

3 O hear my humble cry!
Their fondest hopes destroy;
Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

4 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing;
Before thee shall thy children dwell,
Their Father and their King.

140. SECOND VERSION. v. 6, 7, 12, 13. L. M.

A prayer against public enemies.

1 O THOU preserver of mankind,
Our hope, our shield, our strength, our God!
Thou hast an ear to prayer inclined;
Our cries have reached thy dread abode.

2 Our cause thy justice will maintain,
Avenge th' oppressed and guard the poor:
Ne'er shall thy children ask in vain,
And our proud foes shall boast no more.

3 Their banded hosts shall fly, or fall;
A shaking leaf their thousands chase;
Our God shall hear our nation's call;
We shall be saved and sing his praise.

141. v. 2—5. L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

142. FIRST VERSION. C. M.

God the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne,
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break:
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Knows every way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call thy mercy near;—
'Thou art my portion when I die,
Be thou my refuge here.'

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free;
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

142. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—4, 6, 7. L. M

1 THE Lord shall hear my humble prayer,
To him my heart disclosed its care;
I'll pour my sorrows at his seat,
And all my griefs and fears repeat.

2 O'erwhelmed with woe my spirit lay,
Yet still my God observed my way:
Thine eyes the secret snares discerned,
Spread round my steps where'er I turned.

3 Lo! on the right, amid my fears,
No aid, no advocate appears;
No friendly refuge here I find,
No generous pity cheers my mind.

4 O God, regard my earnest prayer,
Else shall I sink in deep despair:
Let all my foes, too strong for me,
Own my almighty Friend in thee!

5 Enlarge my soul, imprisoned round;
Then shall my praise thy name resound;
And righteous men around me throng,
To view thy grace and join my song.

143. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 3—6. L. M.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God!
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne;
O make thy truth and mercy known!

2 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

3 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

4 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parching lands, for rain.

5 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove;
And God forever hide his love?

143. SECOND VERSION. v. 7—12. L. M

Prayer under heavy afflictions.

1 MY God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy servant to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

2 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

3 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

4 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

5 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love,
Conduct me to thy courts above.

6 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2. C. M.

Divine aid in the spiritual warfare.

1 FOREVER blesséd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144. SECOND VERSION. v. 3—6. C. M

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh, what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
While mountains tremble at his frown,—
How wondrous is his love!

144. THIRD VERSION. v. 12—15. L. M.

The happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

145. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—7, 11—13. C. M.

The greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn their ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—8. L. M.

The greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

145. THIRD VERSION. v. 7—10, 15, 16. C. M.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines.
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

145. FOURTH VERSION. v. 14, 17—19, 21. C. M.

God's mercy to sufferers.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressors' frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

146. FIRST VERSION. L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146. SECOND VERSION. L. P. M.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs; their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—6. L. M.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

147. SECOND VERSION. v. 7—11. L. M.

1 SING to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor let the drops descend in vain.

2 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

3 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb,—
All are too mean delights for him.

4 The saints are lovely in his sight:
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

147. THIRD VERSION. v. 7, 8, 14—16, 18. C. M.

The seasons of the year.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

147. FOURTH VERSION. v. 12—20. L. M.

Summer and winter.

1 BLESS, O thou western world, thy God,
And make his honors known abroad;
He bids the sea before thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound;
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:—
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call thy children to his praise.

6 To all thy sons his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

148. FIRST VERSION. v. 1—5, 8, 13, 14. H. M.

Universal praise to God.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare, | And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.

He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4 Ye vapors, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.

When lightnings shine, | Let earth adore,
Or thunders roar, | His hand divine.

5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

148. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—8. S. M.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,—
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

148. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—4, 7, 8, 11—14. L. M.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord—how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his,

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

8 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

9 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

148. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—3, 8—13. C. M

Universal praise to God.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to his glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise.

2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfill;—

3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food;—

4 Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud scepter high;
O youths and virgins of the land;
O age and infancy;—

5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

148. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1—6, 13, 14. 8s & 7s.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!
Hallelujah, Amen.

148. SIXTH VERSION. v. 1—7, 10—13. C. P. M

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,—
Ye thunders, speak his power:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph, walks th' eternal King;—
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him, who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath, in praise, employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

148. SEVENTH VERSION. 6s.

Universal praise to God.

1 YE holy angels bright,
Who stand before God's throne,
And live in glorious light,
Make ye his praises known.

2 Ye spirits of the blest,
Who near the Saviour dwell,
And share his blissful rest,
Join ye the praise to swell.

3 Ye nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing.

4 Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints that on him call;
O magnify his grace,
His holy churches all.

5 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.

149. v. 1, 2, 4—7. C. M

The saints praising God.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

150. FIRST VERSION. v. 1, 2, 6. C. M.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest:
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

150. SECOND VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine!
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round;
In praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

4 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

150. THIRD VERSION. v. 1—4. H. M.

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin,
Where acts of faith and love,
With ceaseless beauty shine.
In mercy there, | Before his throne
While God is known, | With songs appear.

2 In heaven, his house on high,
Ye angels lift your voice;
Let heavenly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice.
The glories sing, | With pomp divine,
That ever shine, | Around your King.

3 His wondrous acts demand,
His wisdom and his grace,
The labors of our hands,
And transports of our praise.
Rehearse his name | Where'er his power
To every shore, | His works proclaim.

4 Let the trump's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
United praise resound.
To swell the song, | Let man employ
With highest joy, | His tuneful tongue.

150. FOURTH VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. 7s.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires,—
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise, your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

150. FIFTH VERSION. v. 1—4, 6. 6s & 4s.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,—
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove—
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame:
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around—
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string,—
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose,—
Praise ye the Lord.

HYMNS.

ORDINARY PUBLIC WORSHIP.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

2. *At the opening of public worship.* 7s.

1 IN thy presence we appear;
Lord, we love to worship here,
When, within the vail, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, and loose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That, at evening, we may say,—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

3. *Invocation.* 8s. 7s & 4.

1 IN thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We thy people now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,—
Full, and pure, for evermore.

4. Jer. xxix. 13. 7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Here we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5. *Hosannas to Christ.* L. M.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Here we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

6. *Christ present wherever worshipped.* L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

7. *Christ's presence the joy of his people.* L. M

1 OFT, in the temples of thy grace,
Thy saints, O Lord, behold thy face;
And oft have seen thy glory shine,
With power and majesty divine:—

2 But soon, alas! thine absence mourn,
And pray, and wish thy kind return;
Without thy life-inspiring light,
'T is all a scene of gloomy night.

3 Return, O Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glory rise
Again, to our admiring eyes;—

4 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

8. Hag. ii. 7. C. M

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

9. *A blessing invoked on worship.* C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live;—

4 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

5 Give these, and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

10. *Invitation to the house of God.* S. M.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now:
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

11. *Turning aside from the world to God.* L. M. 61.

Luke xiv. 21.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

12. *Humble adoration and praise.* S. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

13. *God present in his house.* Gen. xxviii. 16, 17. L. M.

1 LO, God is here!—let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

14. *Sincerity and hypocrisy.* John iv. 24. C. M.

1 GOD is a spirit just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

15. *True worship everywhere accepted.* L. M.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmists' sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophets' harp was strung!
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

16. *The pleasures of public worship.* L. M.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

17. Psalm lxxxiv. 1. S. M.

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

18. *Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving.* S. M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

19. *Saints and angels ever praising God.* 7s.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

20. *The voice of praise.* C. M.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

21. *The divine goodness celebrated.* 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

22. 1 Chron. xxix. 10—13. 8s & 7s.

1 BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty forever!
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, to thee, thou God of mercy,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

23. Ps. xcvii. 1, 12. C. M.

1 O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
Sing praises to his name;
Let all the earth, with one accord,
His wondrous acts proclaim.

2 And let his faithful servants tell
How, by redeeming love,
Their souls are saved from death and hell,
To share the joys above;

3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
Forbids their feet to slide;
And, as they run the Christian race,
Vouchsafes to be their guide.

4 O then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed of the Lord;
Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
His presence your reward.

24. *Exhortation to praise.* 10s & 11s

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

25. Psalm cxlviii. H. M

1 TO your Creator, God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice | His name adore,
Proclaim his power, | And loud rejoice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, | A general song
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

3 But O! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest;
Ye highly blest! | Declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart, my tongue, | To lively praise.

26. *Universal praise.* 7s & 6s. P.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
The Prince of peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string:
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

27. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

28. *Sabbath blessings.* 7s.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

29. *The Sabbath.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

30. *The Lord's day welcomed.* S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

31. Psalm cxviii. 24. H. M.

1 WELCOME—delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

32. *The day of holy rest.* 10s.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

33. Isaiah, lvii. 13. L. M 61.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May wordly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Great God, thy powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear—and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

34. *The grace of the Spirit implored in worship.* C. M.

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for hèlp we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim;
With fervor in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

35. *The day of Christ's resurrection.* C. M.

1 BLEST morning, whose first opening rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

36. *The day of Christ's resurrection.* C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron scepter lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
On nations yet unborn.

37. Mark, xvi. 9. H. M

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand!
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
Its dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And mid their shouts the God ascends.

3 'All hail, triumphant Lord!'
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

38. 1 Cor. xv. 20. 7s.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

39. *Prayer for a blessing on the truth.* C. M.
Luke, viii. 5—15.

1 O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

40. *Evening worship.* 7s.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When his people rest from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

41. *For the opening of evening service.* C. M.

1 GOD of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee!

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart.

3 But though the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

42. *Thankfulness and confession.* 7s.

1 FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

43. *For the evening of the Lord's Day.* C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly luster shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

44. *The heavenly Sabbath anticipated.* Heb. iv. 9. L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our weary souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

THE SCRIPTURES.

45. *The divine authority of the Bible.* L. M.

1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

46. *The gospel of Christ.* L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'T is writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

47. *The sufficiency of the holy scriptures.* C. M.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies,
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

48. *The excellency of the holy scriptures.* C. M

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

49. *The light and glory of the word.* C. M.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

50. Psalm cxix. 105. C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

51. *The riches of God's word.* C. M.

1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

52. *The power of the gospel.* L. M.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me, doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

GOD.

HIS BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

53. *God seen in his works.* L. M.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
And bow before him—and adore.

54. *Incomprehensibleness of God.* L. M.

1 WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' Almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down oppressed,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

55. Job, xi. 7. L. M.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

56. *Incomprehensibleness of God.* L. M.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?

4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

5 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

57. *The divine perfections.* H. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns:
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty.

His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;

And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.

Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfill | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King,
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father, and my Friend?

I love his name, | Join all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

58. *God our source and end.* L. M.

1 THOU, Lord, of all the parent art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix our wavering heart;
To thee let all our actions tend.

2 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray
No change, nor shadow ever knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

3 Thou, Lord, art love; the fountain thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

4 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
And body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

59. *Jehovah supreme.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL God—almighty cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou, from thyself alone, art blest.

3 To thee alone, ourselves we owe,
To thee alone, our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claim, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through every land,
All idol-deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art—God alone.

60. *God's eternity.* C. M.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

61. *God's immutability.* Ps. cii. 25—28. L. M.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Before thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

62. *Almighty power and majesty of God.* C. M.

1 THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

63. *The wisdom of God.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my tongue—thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine:
How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!

3 The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames:
Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold.

4 But in redemption, Oh, what grace!
Its wonders, Oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

64. *A song to creating Wisdom.* C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

65. *God omnipresent.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

4 By thee observed, by thee sustained,
Should earth or hell oppose,
I press with dauntless courage on,
To meet the proudest foes.

5 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

66. Ps. cxxxix. 7—12. C. M.

1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

4 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

67. Ps. cxxxix. 7—10. C. M. 61.

1 BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain:
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise,—
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways:
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the noon-day blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is every where?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his Spirit rest:
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

68. *God omnipresent.* C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

69. *God's omnipresence a source of joy.* L. M.

1 THIS world, O God, like that above,
Is bright to those who know thy love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place, nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go, or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

70. *Holiness of God.* C. M.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

71. *Greatness and condescension of God.*

1 ETERNAL Power—almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Unfading light is thine abode,
To mortal man unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and woe?

4 How strange! how wondrous is thy love,
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and swell thy praise.

72. Ps. cxiiii. 5, 6. L. M.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

5 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

73. Isa. lxvi. 2. C. M.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord, who reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings?
And why bestow such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb;—what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

74. Isa. lvii. 15, 16. L. M.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
And fill my own eternity.

2 'But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
And never from the contrite heart,
And humble soul will I depart.

3 'The broken spirit I revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.'

4 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

75. *God's love.* C. M.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that 'God is love.'

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that 'God is love.'

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—'God is love.'

4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that 'God is love.'

76. 1 John, iv. 8. C. M.

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy love appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

3 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs—
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

4 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,—
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

77. Nahum, i. 7. C. M.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'T is here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above,
Can render equal praise.

78. *God's fidelity to his promises.* Heb. x. 23. H. M.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

HIS WORKS OF CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

79. *The glory of God in creation.* C. M.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears:
His goodness in the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned:
'T was he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue:
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

80. *The beneficence of providence.* C. M.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amid the desert land;
'T is Eden where he trod.

3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 In every stream his bounty flows
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

81. *Creation and providence.* C. M

1 LORD, when our raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And, O, let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguished care!

4 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

5 Yet nobler favors claim his praise,—
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blessed.

6 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threatening woes impend,
Will each impending danger ward,
Or timely succor lend.

7 On us that providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays:
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

82. *God the thunderer.* C. M

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incenséd God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send his wrath abroad!

83. *The universal providence of God.* C. P. M

1 THY hand, O God, which rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine;
Thy powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all the joys and pains
That fill this checkered scene.

2 Thy piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls:
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
Thine ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.

3 Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful, glorious name?
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days—
Thou ever art the same.

84. *God's goodness to the children of men.* L. M.

Psalm cvii. 31.

1 YE sons of Men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of flesh, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

85. *The seasons crowned with goodness.* L. M.

Psalm lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

86. *God's goodness celebrated.* L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

87. *Life reviewed with gratitude.* C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

88. *The Same.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracions Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store:
But ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

7 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

89. *Protection by land or sea.* C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breath in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

90. *God's mercies innumerable.* L. M

Psalms cxxxix. 17, 18.

1 THIS curious frame, these noble powers,
To thy creating hand I owe:
Thy providence preserves me safe,
And crowns my every wish below.

2 Oft in the visions of the night,
My thoughts still on thy mercies rove;
And every midnight wakeful hour,
I trace the wonders of thy love.

3 The various and exhaustless theme
Each rising morn my soul pursues,
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.

4 Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years,
Shall still my raptured powers employ;
Yet endless years will still but swell
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.

91. *Deliverance celebrated.* L. M.

1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord:
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

92. *Praise for temporal blessings.* 7s.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:—

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:—

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise:
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

93. *God our Creator and Benefactor.* S. M.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

94. *The wisdom and goodness of providence.* C. M.

1 SINCE all the coming scenes of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 Since none can doubt his equal love,
Immeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

95 *The allotments of life divine.* S. M.

1 AS changing as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.

4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.

5 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

96. *The folly of self-dependence.* C. M.

1 THE swift not always in the race
Shall seize the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labor of the wise.

2 Go, husbandman, the soil prepare,
Cast in the precious grain:
To thee belongs the sun, and air!
Dost thou command the rain?

3 Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,
God shall confound your skill:
Know, time and accident obey
His all-directing will.

4 Fond mortals but themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy mission to perform;
The blessing comes at thy command,
At thy command the storm.

6 O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
Thy providential power,
In trusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

97. *The mystery of providence.* C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

98. *The divine sovereignty.* C. M.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To scepters and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

99. Rom. ix. 21—24. L. M.

1 MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

2 What if he means to show his grace
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

3 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

4 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

100. *Joy in the government of God.* Rev. xix. 6. L. M.

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father, reigns;
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

JESUS CHRIST.

HIS DIVINE AND HUMAN NATURE.

101. *The deity and humanity of Christ.* L. M.

John i. 1, 3, 14.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends, and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

102. *God the Son equal with the Father.* L. M.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet:
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams:
Their essence is forever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

103. *Christ the wisdom of God.* S. M

Prov. viii. 1, 22—30.

1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,—
Deserves it no regard?

2 'I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son—
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 'When he adorned the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

4 'Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well:
With joy I saw the mansion, where
The sons of men should dwell.

5 'My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashioned to a man.'

6 Then come, receive his grace,
Ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps his ways;
The man that shuns them dies.

104. HIS INCARNATION AND NATIVITY. C. M.
Incarnation and birth. John, i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
O happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

105. Luke ii. 14. C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
'Good-will and peace' are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
'Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die!'

7 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

106. *The Nativity.* Luke ii. 8—15. C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 'To you in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord
And this shall be the sign:—

4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 'All glory be to God on high;
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.'

107. *The song of the angels at Bethlehem.* 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
'Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 'Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 'Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 'Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!'

108. *The same.* L. M.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of angels came;
And while they struck their harps and sung,
High heaven with songs of triumph rung:—

4 'O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.'

109. *Star of the East.* 11s & 10s.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold, would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God, are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

110. *Good tidings of great joy to all people.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

HIS MINISTRY AND EXAMPLE.

111. *The teaching of Jesus.* L. M.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

112. *The example of Christ.* L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

113. *The same.* C. M.

1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,—
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

114. *Christ our example in suffering.* 7s. 6 l.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,'—hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

115. *His resignation.* 8s & 6. P.

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
'My Father, can this cup remove?'

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
'Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done.'

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

HIS MIRACLES AND BENEFICENCE.

116. *Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.* L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake, and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart!
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

117. *The beneficence of Christ.* L. M.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
To hail their great deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

118. *Christ speaking peace.* L. M.

1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,—
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

2 Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,—
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,—
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

119. *Jesus hastening to suffer.* Mark, x. 32. C. M.

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hastening to Jerusalem
He marched before the rest!

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

120. *Repentance in view of the cross.* C. M.

1 THE Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agony and blood,
Methought once fixed his eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live.'

5 Thus while his death, my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystéry of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

121. *Glorying in the cross of Christ.* Gal. vi. 14. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

122. *Sorrow in view of Christ's sufferings.* C. M

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord of glory, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

123. *Gratitude in view of Christ's sufferings.* L. M.

1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

2 The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies
For mortal crimes a sacrifice:
What love, what mercy, how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

3 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise:
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe—how much I love.

124. *The same.* C. M.

1 JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

125. *Praise to Christ.* C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 For us he left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
'The Saviour died for me.'

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

126. *Christ dying for man.* S. M.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

5 'I'll give him,' saith the Lord,
'A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long.'

127. *Sinai, Tabor, and Calvary.* 7s

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb;
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest;
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Cavalry.

128. *The cross celebrated.* H. M.

1 YE saints! your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

2 The cross—the cross alone—
Subdued the powers of hell:
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise:
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

129. *Christ's resurrection announced.* C. M.

Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

3 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

4 With joy like his shall every saint
The empty tomb survey;
Then rise with our ascending Lord,
Through all the shining way.

130. *Christ dying, rising, and reigning.* L. M.

1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The Prince of life forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

5 Live—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

131. Mark, xvi. 3, 4. Acts, 1. 9. 7s.

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! Angel, raise
Shouts of everlasting praise:
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

132. *Certainty of Christ's resurrection.* Luke, xxiv. 34. S. M.

1 'THE Lord is risen indeed;'
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 'The Lord is risen indeed;'
He lives, to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 'The Lord is risen indeed;'
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

133. *The risen Saviour.* C. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete;
Sin, death, and hell low vanquished lie,
Beneath his awful feet.

2 There with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the conqueror, reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

3 Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names he purchased for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

134. *The resurrection of Christ.* Luke, xxiv. 34. H. M

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head.

In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, | From realms of day,
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead,
'Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,— | Hath left the dead,
'Jesus, who bled, | No more to die.'

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise, | And empires gain
With thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

135. Matt. xxviii, 6. 7s

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom:
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Now, disciples, dry your tears,
Banish unbelieving fears:
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade:
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

136. *Triumph in the resurrection of Christ.* L. M.

1 ALL power and grace to God belong:
He is my strength, and he my song:
He comes, my Saviour, from his throne,
He comes to bring salvation down.

2 Lo! rising from the tents of men,
The voice of joy resounds again:
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his name.

3 His own right-hand its strength displays,
In acts of valor and of grace:
The cross, the tomb, the throne declare
How vast his power and glory are.

4 For us he conquers, though he dies:
Behold the mighty Saviour rise!
His own right-hand on high displays
Its acts of valor and of grace!

137. Heb. xiii. 20, 21. C. M.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save!
That power by which our shepherd rose,
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

3 So may thy Spirit seal our souls
And mould them to thy will,
That we no more from thee may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigor on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

138. *Christ's humiliation and exaltation.* Rev. v. 12. L. M.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

139. *The suffering Saviour exalted.* Heb. ii. 9. C. M.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

140. *The suffering Saviour exalted.* C. M.

1 HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he—how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

141. *The risen Saviour worshipped by angels.* 8s & 7s.

1 JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward:
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'
All the powers of heaven adore him;
All obey his sovereign word.

142. 1 Tim. iii. 16. S. M

1 BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Around him angels fair,
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

3 'Hail, Prince of life!' they cry,
'Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.'

4 And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.

6 They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
'The glorious work is done.'

143. *The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.* L. M.
Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And vails the God in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
The Prince of life resigns his breath;
The King of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose; he reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

7 Who shall fulfill this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HIS REDEEMING LOVE.

144. *The Redeemer's message.* Luke, iv. 18, 19. C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

145. *Christ's commission.* S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

146. *The same.* L. M.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

147. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace,
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

148. *The same.* C. M.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms,
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay;
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smiled despair away.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

5 Come, heavenly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

149. *The same.* C. M.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
On my Redeemer's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

150. *The same.* H. M.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour—God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all to thee we give:
The gift, though small, wilt thou receive.

151. *Praise to the Redeemer.* 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
And, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

152. *Loving-kindness.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;—
His loving-kindness,—O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His loving-kindness,—O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;—
His loving-kindness,—O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

153. *The compassion of Christ.* Luke xix. 41. L. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HIS EXCELLENCE AND GLORY.

154. *Glory and grace in the person of Christ.* S. M.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

155. *Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.* L. M.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where my Redeemer loved, and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

156. *The desire of all nations.* C. M.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

157. *Christ precious.* C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

158. 1 Peter, ii. 7. C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

159. *Christ precious.* C. P M.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

160. *Christ's praises celebrated.* Isa. 12. 7s.

1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away!
Comfort now and hope arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Jesus is become at length,
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

3 Praise, ye then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

4 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

OFFICES, NAMES, AND EMBLEMS.

161. *The offices of Christ.* H. M

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | My Saviour forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy | What forms of love
And wonder see | He bears for me.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news | Of hell subdued
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone; | Before the throne.

5 O thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror, and my King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
Behold I sit | Beneath thy feet.

162. *The offices of Christ.* L. M.

1 NOW to the Lord who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our exalted king,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

3 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move:
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

4 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

163. *The same.* C. M

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High-Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King:
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways!
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

164. *Christ the mediator.* C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

165. *Christ our righteousness.* Isa. lxi. 10. L. M

1 JESUS! thy robe of righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
'Jesus hath lived and died for me.'

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue:
Its glory is forever new.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice:
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

166. *Christ our high priest and intercessor.* **L. M.**

1 LORD! how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories vail thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer:
Recline thy hope on him alone
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

167. Heb. vii. 25. **L. M.**

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,—
What joy the blest assurance gives:
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts:
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

168. Rom. viii. 33—39. L. M.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

169. Exod. xxviii. 29. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

170. *Christ our high priest and intercessor.* **C. M.**

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulded down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

171. *Sympathy of Christ.* Heb. ii. 17. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace,
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

172. Heb. iv. 14—16. L. M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in an evil hour.

173. *Sympathy of Christ.* Heb. iv. 15. L. M. 6 l.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do:
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For 'Jesus wept' o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, O! when I have safely passed,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

174. *Christ a King.* C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Hail him, who saves you by his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

175. *Christ's dominion over the unseen world.* L. M.

Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King,
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

176. *The King of saints.* C. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known!
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 O for the day—the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

177. *The King of saints.* Heb. i. 6. 8s & 7s. 6 l.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
'Glory, glory to our King.'

178. *Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.* Phil. iv. 4. H. M

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice—
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

179. *Christ our sacrifice.* S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

180. *The Lamb of God worshipped by all creation.* C. M.

Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever, thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

181. Rev. v. 6, 8, 10. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amid his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

182. Rev. v. 12, 13. 6s & 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high
Let heaven and earth reply,—
'Praise ye his name!'
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints cry for ever more,—
'Worthy the Lamb.'

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,—
'Worthy the Lamb.'

3 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing
Worthy the Lamb.

183. *Christ our confidence.* 6s & 4s.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

184. *Christ the fountain of life.* C M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

185. *The Physician of souls.* Jer. viii. 22. L. M

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

186. *Christ our shepherd.* C. M.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thonsand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

187. *Christ the refuge.* 7s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity.

188. *Christ the Rock of Ages.* 7s. 6l.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

189. *Christ the ark.* 1 Pet. iii, 20, 21. L. M.

1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallowed the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through.

3 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall.
Conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

4 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

5 Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

190. *Christ the light of men.* 8s & 7s.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,—
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek benighted heart.

4 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

191. *The Sun of Righteousness.* 7s.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Visit, thou, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, O thou Light divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

192. *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye,

2 Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

193. *Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.* C. M.

1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

194. *The influences of the Spirit experienced.* L. M

John, xiv. 16, 17.

1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say,—
'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

195. *The influences of the Spirit desired.* C. M.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

196. *The operations of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

197. *Regeneration by the Spirit.* John, i. 13, and iii. 3. C. M.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

198. *Vision of the dry bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3. L. M.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
The wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophecy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But, if thy Spirit deigns to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

199. *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* H. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father thou,—
We—children of thy grace,—
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

200. *The leadings of the Spirit.* Rom. viii. 14. L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ,—the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blessed;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

201. *The witnessing and sealing Spirit.* C. M

Romans, viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

202. *Sanctifying influence.* S. M

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wandering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

203. *The same.* L. M.

1 AS when in silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

204. *The Spirit implored.* Ezek. xxxvi. 37. L. M.

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love,
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

205. *The soul forsaken of God.* C. M.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 And what, my soul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Severed from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

3 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheered by his return.

4 Look back, O Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple stood;
For lo, its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

206. *The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.* L. M

Psalm li. 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—

3 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

207. *The work of God in the soul.* Philipp. ii. 13. S. M.

1 'T IS God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will;
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

THE TRINITY.

208. *Adoration of the Trinity.* Eph. ii. 18. C. M.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God;
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

209. *The same.* 6s & 4s

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed—
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore

210. *The same.* P. M.

1 SING hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, ye ransomed host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till in the realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise;
He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

MAN.

HIS CHARACTER AND WANTS.

211. *Man's inferiority.* Job, iv. 17—21. L. M.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay;
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

212. *An unconverted state.* C. M.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood;
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

5 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

213. *An unconverted state.* Rom. v. 12, 20, 21. C. M.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

4 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust!

214. *The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.* C. M.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage:
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

215. *The deceitfulness of sin.* C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The agéd and the young;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

216. *A lovely youth falling short of heaven.* Mark, x. 21. L. M.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new?

3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,—
'Come, part with earth for heaven to-day;'
The youth, astonished at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?

5 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

217. *Conviction of sin by the law.* C. M

Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

218. Job, ix. 2—6. S. M.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend;
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

219. *Alarm and hope.* S. M.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But sure a friendly whisper says,—
'Flee from the wrath to come.'

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

220. *The penitent inquirer.* 7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

221. *Salvation through the Gospel.* Rom. i. 16. L. M.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'T is there the power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

222. *The difficulty of conversion.* C. M.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

223. *The necessity of renewing grace.* C. M.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

224. *The new creation.* C. M.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show;—
'Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 'I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.'

3 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

4 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh:
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world, that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

225. *The atonement the only ground of pardon.* C. M.
Gal. ii. 16.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord!
'T is on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

226. *Justification by faith.* Rom. iii. 19—22. C. M.

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;—
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

227. *Acceptance through Christ alone.* L. M.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God ! before thine awful bar ?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, O Jesus ! thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone :
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God ! to thee.

228. *Pardon and sanctification in Christ.* C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin—how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word ;—
'Ho ! ye despairing sinners ! come,
And trust upon the Lord.'

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord !
O help my unbelief.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

229. *The sufficiency of the Gospel.* C. M.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind ;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Our God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come—and he'll cleanse our guilty souls,
And wash away our stains
In that dear fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 His Spirit in our hearts shall dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

230. *Christ our wisdom and righteousness.* **S. M.**

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways:
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

231. *Salvation by grace.* C. M.

1 SALVATION !—oh, the joyful sound !
'T is pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation !—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

232. Eph. ii. 5. S. M.

1 GRACE ! 't is a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

233. Titus, iii. 5—7. C. M

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

234. *Salvation by grace.* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10. L M

1 NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name,—
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die:
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He died; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

235. *The various success of the gospel.* C. M.

1 Cor. i. 23. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
Aud Paul may plant in vain.

236. 2 Cor. ii. 14—16. H. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed from every side:
Balmy and rich | And fill the earth
The odors rise, | And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel, and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew, | Jesus, the Lord,
And rise and sing | Their conquering King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh;
They turn their face away,
And faint, and fall, and die:
So sad a doom, | For, O! they fall
Ye saints, deplore! | To rise no more!

4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die
A savor sweet to thee:
Supremely bright | Guarded with flames
Thy grace shall shine, | Of wrath divine.

237. *God glorified in the gospel.* C. M.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thine avenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the luster of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

238. *The divine perfections displayed in the gospel.* C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;
We love, and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

239. *The blessedness of gospel times.* S. M.

Isaiah, lii. 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour, King;
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

240. *God proclaiming mercy.* **S. M**

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;—
'Mercy and justice are the names,
By which I will be known.

2 'Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.'

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousnes and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

241. *Christ's invitation to sinners.* Matt. xi. 28—30. **L. M.**

1 'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

242. *Weary souls invited to rest.* Matt. xi. 28. L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove!
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

243. *The invitation of Jesus.* Matt. xi. 28. 7s.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Thou, who homeless, and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

244. *Invitation to the mercy seat.* 11s & 10s

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above,
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

245. *Peace and rest through the gospel.* L. M. 6l

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless, the Lord.

246. *The same.* 7s. 6l.

1 YE who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,

Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

247. *Invitations of the Gospel.* Is. lv. 1, 2. C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

248. *The gospel feast.* Luke xiv. 22. C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come,
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.

249. *The gospel feast.* Luke, xiv. 22. L. M

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

250. *The divine bounty.* Col. i. 19. C. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy belovéd Son.

2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee
With sweet resistless power;
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

251. John, vii. 37. C. M.

1 THE Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain—
Immortal fountain! full supplies!—
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come; 't is mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
And drink and never die.

252. *The Saviour's invitation.* John, xii. 32. 7s.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
'Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 'Sprinkled now with blood the throne,—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 'Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 'Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!'

253. *Call to the prodigal.* C. M.

1 RETURN, O wandérer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wandérer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How Jesus can forgive.

3 Return, O wandérer, return,
And wipe away the tear;
'T is God who says, 'No longer mourn,'
Mercy invites thee near.

254. *The sinner invited to come to Christ.* Rev. xxii. 17. S. M.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come!'

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

255. *The gospel jubilee.* H. M.

1 FAIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord;—he sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you?
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

4 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;
It is the year of jubilee.

256. *The gospel jubilee.* Luke, iv. 19. H. M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through every land, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

257. Luke, iv. 19. S. M.

1 YE sons of earth, arise!
Ye creatures of a day!
Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Saviour and Lord of all!
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O bid us turn and live!

4 Our former years misspent,
Now let us deeply mourn;
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

258. *The needy and wretched invited to Christ.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

4 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

259. *The needy and wretched invited to Christ.* 8s & 7s. 6l.

Zech. xiii. 1.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

260. *The voice of free grace.* 12s.

1 THE voice of free grace cries—'Escape to the mountain!'
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! who hath purchased our pardon,
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy,—'t is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,
His blood can remove them,—it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

261. *Exhortation to repentance.* Isaiah, lv. 7. C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

262. *The one thing needful.* L. M

1 WHY will you waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
And fix conviction on each heart;
Then we no more on trifling cares
Shall waste that life thy mercy spares.

263. *The sinner warned.* 7s.

1 SINNER! art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgments stand prepared;—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent can abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

264. Ezek. xxxiii. 11. 7s. D

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

265. *The message of mercy.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 HEAR the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:—
To each rebel sinner pardon;
Free forgiveness in his name:
Oh what mercy!
Free forgiveness in his name.

2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

266. *The message of mercy.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LISTEN, sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls.
Listen, sinner!
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste! O hasten to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

267. Ephes. v. 14. 7s.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path—be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem the time;
Life secure, without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Rouse thee, sinner, from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Wake, and he shall give thee light.

268. *Rest and peace in God.* S. M

1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

269. *The young invited to Christ.* Prov. viii. 17. C. M.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 'The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain.'

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

270. *Youth admonished.* Eccl. xii. 1, 7. L. M.

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'

2 Behold the agéd sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust agáin;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

271. *Youth and judgment.* Eccl. xi. 9. L. M.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

272. *To-day the accepted time.* 2 Cor. vi. 2. S. M.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

273. *The danger of delay.* 7s.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

274. *Universal call to repentance.* Acts, xvii. 30. C. M

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His messengers are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

275. *The sinner at the judgment.* 7s.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

276. *The convinced sinner's resolution.* C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 'I can but perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.'

THE CHRISTIAN.

EXERCISES IN CONVERSION.

277. *Trusting in Christ for pardon.* C. P. M.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,—
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

278. *A penitent's prayer to Christ.* C. M

1 O PRINCE of life, all power is thine
To pardon and subdue:
My pardon, in thy mercy, sign,
My soul to God renew.

2 Me a new captive in thy train,
And in thy book enrolled;
Me a new glory of thy reign,—
Let heaven with joy behold.

3 O thou, who in thy mortal days
Didst with the sighing sigh;
Shall not my tears thy pity raise,
Though now thou art so high?

4 Whoever humbly kneeled in vain
Before thy gracious seat?
O do not, Lord, my suit disdain,
Nor spurn me from thy feet.

279. *The surrender.* C. P. M.

1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

280. *The same.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

281. *The same.* L. M.

1 THEE, O my Lord, my soul adores,
I would be thine, and only thine:
To thee my heart and all its powers
With full consent I now resign.

2 O come, thy saving power display—
Resistless power of love divine;
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

282. *The Christian's noblest resolution.* L. M.

Joshua, xxiv. 15.

1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin;
A nobler toil may I sustain;
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts ere depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

283. *United dedication to God.* L. M.

1 JESUS ! our best belovéd Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call ;
Jesus ! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands ;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our master's voice will we obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of our day.

4 Yet, Lord ! for us a resting place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare,
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

284. *The world renounced.* C. M.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford :
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

285. *Parting with worldly joys.* L. M.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

286. *The world's chief temptations.* C. M.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too?

2 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

3 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

4 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

CHOICE OF GOD.

287. *God my only happiness.* Psal. lxxiii. 25. C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me!

4 If I possessed the spacious earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

288. *God's presence is light in darkness.* **C. M.**

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am his!'

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

289. *True happiness found only in God.* C. M.

1 IN vain I search creation o'er,—
My spirit finds no rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.

2 Let earth with all its charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

290. *The same.* 7s.

1 LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

2 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

291. *God our portion.* C. M.

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

292. *Appeal to Christ in proof of love to him.* C. M.

John, xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

293. *Living to Christ.* Phil. i. 21. L. M.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
I live thy smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.

294. *Jesus precious to the believer.* John, vi. 68. L. M.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'t is death—'t is more—
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

295. *The same.* C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust:
The world compared with thee is naught,
And all its treasure dust.

3 All that my loftiest thoughts can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

296. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No;—when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

297. Mark, viii. 38. C. M

1 DIDST thou, my Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

298. *Christ unseen, yet beloved.* 1 Peter, i. 8. S. M.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

299. *Longing to be with Christ.* 8s. A.
2 Cor. v. 6—8. 1 Peter, i. 8.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

3 Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,—
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

300. *Christ our forerunner.* L. M. 61.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there forever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 What transport, Lord, shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known?
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

301. *Love essential to true religion.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

302. *The same.* 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3. L. M.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
In alms to feed the hungry poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

BENEFICENCE TO MEN.

303. *Christ honored through relieving the poor.* C. M.

Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

304. *Sympathy with the suffering.* Luke, x. 29—37. C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And mid th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

305. *The blessedness of benevolence.* C. M.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

BROTHERLY LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP.

306. *Christian fellowship.* S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

307. *The same.* L. M.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;—
And they shall meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

308. *Christian harmony.* Gal. iii. 28. **S. M**

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

309. Eph. iv. 30—32. **L. M.**

1 THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war begone;
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

FILIAL TEMPER.

310. *The Spirit of adoption.* Gal. iv. 6. C. M.

1 MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father, cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

311. *Childlike trust in God.* Ps. cxxxi. 2. 7, 6 l.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care,—
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

312. Matt. vii. 9—11. L. M

1 OUR Father, throned above the skies,
To thee my empty hands I spread;
Thy child in dust beneath thee lies,
And asks thy blessing on his head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name
By thee ordained, I now draw near;
And would the promised blessing claim.

3 Will not an earthly father feel
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he a parent's bosom steel,
And mock the suppliant with a stone?

4 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassions rise;
And open thy unbounded store,
To satisfy thy children's cries?

313. *Childlike trust in God.* **C. M.**

1 MY God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise:
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

DESIRES AFTER HOLINESS.

314. *Purity of heart desired.* **C. M**

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:—

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
An image, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart,
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

315. *The same.* C. M.

1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore,
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

316. Psalm, xlii. 2. L. M.

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

317. *Purity of heart desired.* 8s & 7s D.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find, thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

318. *Walking by faith, not by sight.* L. M.

1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

5 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

319. *Steadfast hope.* S. M.

1 I STAND on Zion's mount
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills, and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust,
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock
Of my salvation stands.

320. 2 Tim. i. 12. C. M.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

321. *The request.* C. M.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

322. *Trust in God.* S. M.

1 WHERE wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?

2 Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?

3 No.—Place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.

4 His mercies still endure
When skies and stars grow dim,
His changeless promise standeth sure,—
Go,—cast thy care on him.

323. *The same.* Heb. iii. 17, 18. C. M.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply;—

2 Though from the fold with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him rejoice, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy, which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

324. *The same.* C. M.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

325. *Filial submission.* Heb. xii. 7. C. M.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—'My Father God!'
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father!—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

326. *God's covenant, our support in trouble.* C. M.

1 MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

327. *Resignation.* C. M.

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both;
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that vails my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

328. *Faith under trouble.* S. M

1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

329. *Faith under trouble.* 1 Sam. iii. 18. C. M.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blesséd be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No—gracious God—take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

330. Heb. xii. 6—11. 7s.

1 'T IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

331. *The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.* C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

332. 2 Cor. iv. 18. C. M.

1 O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

333. *The presence of God desired in afflictions.* C. M.

1 THY gracious presence, O my God!
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart.

4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord! shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
I shall forever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

GRATITUDE.

334. *Thankfulness and hope.* C. M

1 THANKS to my God, for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal, for that love,
Whence all those comforts flow.

2 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let the sweet radiance shine,
Till hope itself is lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

335. *Thanks for redemption.* C. M

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

336. Isa. lxi. 10. C. M

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

337. *Thanks for redemption.* C. M.

1 AMAZING grace,—how sweet the sound,—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
But grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

CONFIDENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

338. *Preserving grace.* Jude, 24, 25. S. M.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

339. *Saints in the hands of Christ.* John, x. 28, 29. C. M.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove,
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HOLINESS OF LIFE.

340. Tit. ii. 10—13. L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

341. *A living and a dead faith.* C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'T is faith that changes all the heart;
'T is faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

SELF DENIAL.

342. *Self-denial.* Mark, viii. 34. **C. M.**

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—One look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Thy favor, Lord, is endless life,—
Let me that life obtain,
Then I renounce all earthly joys
And glory in my gain.

343. *The almost Christian.* **L. M**

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATCHFULNESS.

344. *Watchfulness and prayer.* C. M.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance!—ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

345. *Love to the creatures dangerous.* C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,—
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

346. *The Christian warfare.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes!
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love,
The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell.

347. *The same.* L. M

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

348. *Watchfulness and prayer inculcated.* S. M.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

349. *Christian courage and endurance.* C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

350. *Watchfulness.* S. M

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

351. *The watchful servant.* Luke, xii. 35—38. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch,—'t is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PRAYER.

352. *Nature of prayer.* C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire.
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—'Behold, he prays.'

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

353. *Access to God every where.* 7s.

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present every where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every where.

354. *The throne of grace.* Heb. iv. 16. **S. M**

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls us near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Abiding in thy faith,
Our will conformed to thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

355. *The burdened soul resorting to Christ.* **C. M.**

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea—
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

356. *Prayer encouraged and offered.* 1 Kings, iii. 5 7s.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
God thy Saviour answers prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him,—waits to hear.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

5 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

357. *The same.* C. M.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

358. *The mercy seat.* C. M.

1 MY Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

359. *Prayer answered by crosses.* L. M.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.

5 'Lord, why is this,' I trembling cried,—
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
''Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

6 'These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

HUMILITY.

360. *Pride not becoming man.* L. M.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
Oh, why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

4 God of my life, Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

361. *Self renounced.* Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9. L. M

1 NO more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

362. *The christian race.* Isaiah, xl. 28—31. L. M.

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years,
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

363. *Presumption rebuked.* S. M

1 MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

2 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the king of kings,
Than all your works beside.

3 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says,—'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

364. *Prosperity from God's blessing.* Ps. cxxvii. 1, 2. C. M.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour employed,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

PILGRIMAGE TO HEAVEN.

365. *The pilgrimage of the saints.* C. M.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this weary land;
Lord! we would keep that heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home!

5 There, on the hills of life and peace,
Our raptured souls shall dwell,
Our toils recount, our Saviour bless,
And all his triumphs tell.

6 Eternal glory to the king,
That brought us safely through;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

366. *The same.* C. M

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

367. *The same.* L. M.

1 AS when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
He eyes his home though distant still;—

2 So when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day:
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

368. *The christian pilgrim's song.* Heb. xi. 14. S. M.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste, with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore!
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

369. *Rising to God.* L. M

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell;
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

370. *The same.* 7s & 6s. P

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

371. *The Christian race.* Phil. iii. 12—14. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I 'll lay my honors down.

372. *The pilgrim's prayer.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide.
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

373. Gen. xxviii. 19—22. C. M.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present,
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

PLEASURES.

374. *Rejoicing in the ways of God.* Ps. cxxxviii. 5. S. M

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t'entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.

375. Isaiah xxxv. 8—10. C. M.

1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

376. *The same.* 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

377. *Rejoicing in the ways of God.* 7s.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears:
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above!
Join to praise redeeming love.

378. *The same.* S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,—
'Ye blesséd children, come!'
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

379. *Heavenly joys on earth.* S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

380. *The beatitudes.* Matt. v. 3—12. L. M

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage, and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls, that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the merciful who prove
By acts, their sympathy and love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake!
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

381. *Heavenly wisdom.* Prov. ii. 13, 17. C. M.

1 HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes,
His early, only choice.

2 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread:
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

3 With every labor she requires,
Her large rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

382. *The hidden life of the christian.* Col. iii. 1—4. C. M.

1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad;
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To give him honor here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

383. *The pleasures of a good conscience.* L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

384. *The sinner reconciled to God.* L. M.

1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend!—O! smile and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found—
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn, exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of th' eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

385. *The happy change.* C. M. D.

1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye,
He views the luster of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!
Through all the storms that vail the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing in his wings.

2 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,

Has cheered the nations with the joys
His kindling rays impart;—
But Jesus! 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

PRIVILEGES.

386. *Christians the sons of God.* John, i, 12, and 1 John, iii. 1. L. M.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim,
As those who bear the christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

387. *Adoption.* 1 John, iii. 1—3. Gal. iv. 6. S. M.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

388. *Adoption.* C. M.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles, forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the vail;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say,—'My Father, God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

389. *Happy poverty;* or, *the poor in spirit blessed.* L. M.
Matthew, v. 3.

1 YE humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs; a kingdom yours:—

4 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved forever must remain.

5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

6 O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enrolled among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

390. *The power of faith.* C. M.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It heals the deadly thirst of sin;
It lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 It shows the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

391. *Communion with God and Christ.* S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

392. Jer. ix. 23, 24. L. M.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blesséd, deigns to love?

ENCOURAGEMENT AGAINST DESPONDENCY.

393. *Confidence in God encouraged.* C. M.

1 YE trembling souls dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone:
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

394. *Trust in God in every condition.* S. M.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

395. *Trust in God in every condition.* S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

4 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

396. *The same.* C. M.

1 CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true !—

2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

3 Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

4 The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

6 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love.

397. *The promises.* 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?

2 For not, he is with thee, O, be not dismayed ;
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid :
He 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—he will not desert to its foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

398. 1 Peter, v. 7. S. M.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find,

4 His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

399. *Christ the life of the soul.* John, xiv. 19. L. M

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

400. *Hope encouraged.* 8s & 7s. D.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

CONSOLATIONS IN AFFLICTION.

401. *Resignation.* L. M.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise:
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

402. *Submission to afflictive providences.* Job, i. 21. C. M.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blesséd be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we 'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

403. Psalm, xlvi. 10. C. M.

1 PEACE, 't is the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'T is he, the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'T is he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

404. *Satisfaction in God under the loss of dear friends.* **L. M.**

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When his own children fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

405. *The mourners blessed.* Matt. v. 4. L. M.

1 O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain,
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,
For all his children suffer here.

406. *For bereaved parents.* Isa. lvi. 4, 5. C. M.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdue shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons,
Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live.'

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

HIS TRIALS.

407. *The assaults of temptation.* L. M

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves; say,—'Peace, be still!'

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

408. *Looking to Jesus.* C. M.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:
O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

409. *The same.* C. M.

1 JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me,
My sinking spirit still sustain;
To thee I turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 When past transgressions fearful rise
Before my memory,
I'll plead thy perfect sacrifice,
And turn to thee, to thee.

5 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

INCONSTANCY AND REPENTANCE.

410. *Repentance from a sense of divine goodness.* S. M

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

411. *Indwelling sin lamented.* C. M.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

412. *Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.* C. M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

413. *Remembrance of happier days.* Job, xxix. 2. C. M.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt,
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read; the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 The tempter threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;
O come without delay.

414. *The inconstancy of our love.* C. M

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
Fondly I hope I ne'er shall lose
The relish all my days.

3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste
And to pollute my joys.

4 Wretch that I am to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

5 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear center of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

415. *Inconstancy lamented.* S. M.

1 WHERE, O my soul, O where
Thy image shall I view?
In the light cloud that melts in air,
Or in the early dew.

2 This hour, with flowing tears,
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waste appears,
Where all the fountains fail.

3 To-day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breast;
The morrow, with despair's black night,
Has all my soul oppressed.

4 O my unsteadfast mind,
Tossed between good and ill!
While brutes, with instinct sure though blind,
Their Maker's law fulfill.

5 O wavering, wretched state,
Of hope by fear subdued!
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait,—
Fix, fix my soul in good.

416. *Ingratitude lamented.* C. M.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

2 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

3 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

417. *Sins and sorrows laid before God.* Job, xxiii. 3, 4. C. M.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

418. *Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

419. *Backsliding and returning.* Jer. ii. 2. L. M.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

420. *The returning backslider.* Hos. xiv. 1, 2. L. M. 6 l.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

421. *The same.* C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—'Return?'

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

422. *The same.* C. M.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

423. *Pardoning Love.* Jer. iii. 22. C. M.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls,—Return:
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

424. *Walking in darkness, and trusting in God.* C. M.

Isaiah, l. 10.

1 MY God!—O could I make the claim—
My Father and my friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend:

2 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

3 Speak, Lord! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile! and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
Then shall these deep complaining sighs
Be changed to songs of praise.

425. Ps. iv. 6. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given ;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

426. *A good conscience.* Acts, xxiii. 1 ; xxiv. 16. 2 Cor. i. 12. 1 Pet. iii. 16. L. M.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere ;
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine !
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near :
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

427. *Penitence and hope.* C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

428. *God speaking peace to his people.* C. M.

Ps. lxxxv. 8.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

THE CHURCH.

429. *The communion of saints.* Heb. xii. 18—24. C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

430. Eph. iii. 15. C. M.

1 LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:—

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide.
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

431. *The safety and protection of the church.* C. M.

Isaiah, xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 HOW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

432. Isaiah, lx. 1. H. M.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round | With luster new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light:
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise | In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, | The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars, | His influence own.

433. *Glory of the church.* 8s & 7s. D.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:—
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

434. *Zion purified and guarded.* L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

435. *Zion encouraged.* L. M.

1 ZION, awake; behold the day;
Put on thy beautiful array;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

436. *God's unchanging care and love.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

437. Isa. xlix. 15, 16. C. M

1 A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy Almighty Father's hands:
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

438. *The same.* L. M.

1 WHILE to its grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say—
'Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 'Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 'Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.'

4 Lord! I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing:
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

439. *Glad tidings to Zion.* Isa. lii. 7. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

440. *The church victorious.* 11s & 12s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

441. *Prayer for unconverted friends.* C. M.

1 O LORD, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid thy light arise.

2 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.

3 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

442. *Joy over the converted sinner.* C. M.

1 O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;—
'The sinner lost is found,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

443. *The same.* L. M

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

444. *The spiritual harvest.* L. M

1 THE waving fields of golden corn,
With beauty hill and plain adorn;
And earth, with God's rich goodness crowned,
In joyful plenty smiles around.

2 But lo, to our admiring eyes,
Still lovelier, brighter prospects rise;—
Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
Their fair celestial fruits disclose.

3 See sinners pressing to embrace
The offer of forgiving grace;
Redeemed from hell with price divine,
In heaven they shall forever shine.

4 There they that reap, and they that sow,
Shall everlasting triumphs know:
And shouts of thankfulness and joy
Their blest eternity employ.

445. *Thanksgiving for a revival.* S. M

Acts, xv. 3. 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet;
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on his seat?

4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing?

446. *God entreated for Zion.* Isa. lxii. 6, 7. L. M.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God! with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And cast their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

447. Psalm, cii. 13. L. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Bid the bright morning-star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown;
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

448. *Prayer for the renewing Spirit.* C. M.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

449. Luke, ii. 32. 8s, 7s & 4

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness,
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the millions now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command
Let the heralds of thy mercy
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them,
Always, to the end of time.

450. *Predicted ascendency of the gospel.* Isa. ii. 2—5. C. M.

1 IN latter days, the mount of God
O'er mountain tops shall rise;
Shall be exalted o'er the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
'Up to the hill of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 The nations, by his justice blest,
Shall give their battles o'er;
To plough shares they shall beat their swords,
And learn to war no more.

5 Come, then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

451. *A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.* C. M.

Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3 4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 'His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
'And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.'

6 How long, dear Saviour, Oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

452. *Light for those that sit in darkness.* L. M

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'er-spreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day,

453. *The future reign of Messiah.* 7s.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain:
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

454. *The fountain of salvation.* 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below:
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Lo, the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

455. Zech. xiv. 8, 9. S. M.

1 NOW living waters flow,
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea those waters go,
And spread from pole to pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus Jehovah be our king,
And o'er the nations reign!

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blessed name shall he be known,
The universal Lord.

456. *The restoration of Israel.* Isa. lii. 1, 2; xxxv. 10. C. M.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—'Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!'

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

457. *The kingdom of Christ advancing.* 7s. D.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

458. *The day breaking.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
God is speaking,—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 With the voice of joy and singing
Let us hail the dawning ray;
Lo! the blesséd day-star, bringing
O'er the earth a glorious day:
At his rising,
Gloom and darkness flee away.

459. *Hallelujah.* 7s. D.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yond r heavens have passed away:

Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

460. *The final reign of Christ.* 7s & 6s

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

TIME.

461. *Frailty and dependence.* C. M

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that formed us first:
Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

462. *The brevity and importance of life.* C. M.

1 HOW vain, how transient are the days
To man on earth assigned;
They dart like eagles to their prey,
And far outstrip the wind.

2 Our life, alas! a narrow span,
It glides away like dreams;
A cloud, a vapor, or a shade,
That less than nothing seems.

3 Yet on this fleeting, shadowy dream,
Our endless life depends:
And in eternal bliss or woe,
The short delusion ends.

463. *The present moment improved.* James, iv. 13—15. S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingéd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The agéd and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

464. *Frailty of life.* C. M.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return!'

2 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
Which lays thee with the dead.

3 Gay is thy morning: flattering hope
Thy sprightly steps attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends!

4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night!

465. Jer. xiii. 16. S. M.

1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere:
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

466. *Warnings from the dead.* C. M.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light,
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

467. *Our fathers.* Zech. i. 5. S. M.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone!

3 And where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

468. *Life the day of grace and hope.* Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10. L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred, and their love, is lost;
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

469. *Swiftness of time.* 7s & 6s. P.

1 TIME is bearing us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;

But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

470. *The great journey.* Job, xvi. 22. L. M.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass?

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

DEATH.

471. *Death and eternity.* C. M.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But, Oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

4 Jesus, to thy dear, faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

472. *Death and judgment appointed to all.* Heb. ix. 27. C. M.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the great decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all,—
The solemn sentence weigh;
For know, that heaven and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness vailed,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend,
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

473. *The issues of life and death.* S. M.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

DEATH OF BELIEVERS.

474. *The dying believer to his soul.* 7s. D.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown:
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God,—to God return.

2 Lo! he beckons from on high,
Fearless, to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.
Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

4 Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore:

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

475. 1 Cor. xv. 55. P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'
—What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

476. *The summons.* 7s. D.

1 'SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:'
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the meek believer dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 'Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:'
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every relic in thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
'Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.'

477. *Peace to the departing saint.* 8s & 7s. D.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

478. *The dead who die in the Lord.* C. M

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
One effort—and he's gone!
And lo! the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 We strive, but all our efforts fail
To trace that upward flight;
No eye can pierce within the vail,
Which hides the world of light.

4 Yet though we see them not—we know,
Saints are supremely blest;
Are freed from sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His face they always view;—
And if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

479. *The same.* S. M

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

480. Rev. xiv. 3. C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

481. *The same.* L. M

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks his weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, is now thy sting!

482. *Death disarmed.* L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

483. *Victory over death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55—57. C. M.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er approaching death
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?'

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

DEATH OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

484. *The death and burial of a saint.* C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we too shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

485. 1 Thess. iv. 13. C. M.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say,—'Thy will be done!'

486. *Friends separated by death.* S. H. M.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blesséd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

487. *Mourners consoled.* 8s & 7s.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

4 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

488. *The good man's grave.* Deut. xxxiv. 6. L. M.

1 WHEN he, who from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the chosen tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die,—

2 God made his grave to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.

3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.

4 Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

THE RESURRECTION.

489. *Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.* C. M.

1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

490. *Triumph over death.* Job, xix. 25, 26, 27. C. M.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
For Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My Saviour, God, shall come.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy unvailed face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

491. Job, xix. 25, 26. S. M.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

492. 1 Cor. xv. 57. C. M.

1 LORD, I commit my soul to thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:—

2 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

3 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honors of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb;—

4 O let me join the raptured lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

493. *A Christian assured of heaven.* C. M.

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see,
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

494. 1 Thess. iv. 14—17. C. M.

1 LO! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice,—'Ye dead, arise!'
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand,
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing.

495. *Hope in the Resurrection.* C. M.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall send its mildest rays;
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

THE JUDGMENT.

496. *The great day.* L. M.

1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?—

2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

497. *The Lord coming to judgment.* S. M.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

3 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

498. *The books opened.* Rev. xx. 12. L. M

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with the important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine:
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord! when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve:
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

499. *Christ, coming to judgment.* 8s & 7s. Irreg.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God! what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

500. *Day of judgment.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say,—'This God is mine!'
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—'Come near, ye blesséd!
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know.'

501. *Christ's second coming.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

502. 2 Thess. i. 7. L. M.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Then sinners to the rocks shall call,
And bid the mountains on them fall;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy,—'The Lord is come.'

503. *The midnight cry.* Matt. xxv. 6. H. M.

1 THE Saviour comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

2 Go, meet him in the sky;
Your everlasting Friend:
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:

Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a vail, his face.

3 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
To reign in peace and light divine.

4 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found!
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the saints shall ever shine.

504. *The final judgment anticipated.* S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

505. *Final banishment from God intolerable.* C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come;
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou glorious Source of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—depart!

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

506. *Solemn contemplation of the judgment.* C. M

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
O how shall I appear!

2 E'en now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

507. *The same.* C. P. M.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

508. *Watchfulness and prayer.* S. M. D.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To damp our earthly joys,
To wake our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,
The solemn midnight cry,—
'Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!'

3 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

509. *The judgment day anticipated.* Matt. xxv. 33. C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

3 And when th' archangel's trump shall sound,
Let me among thy saints be found,
To see thy smiling face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace!

HEAVEN.

510. *A prospect of heaven makes death easy.* C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes :—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

511. *The promised land.* C. M.

1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

512. *Heaven invisible and holy.* C. M.

1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

513. *The mansion above.* 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8. C. M.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

514. *God the everlasting light.* Isa lx. 20. C. M.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

515. *A thought of death and glory.* C. M.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead;—

3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

516. *The sight of God and Christ in heaven.* L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove;
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O, for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, and worship there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

517. *The everlasting song.* C. M.

1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long!
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blessed man, my Saviour sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, thy love they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

518. *The glory of Christ in heaven.* C. M

1 O, THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow:
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

4 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

519. *The heavenly Jerusalem.* Rev. xxi. and xxii. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

520. *The homeward pilgrimage.* 1 Thess. iv. 17. S. M.

1 'FOREVER with the Lord!'
So, Jesus! let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 'Forever with the Lord!'
Saviour, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
'Forever with the Lord!'

521. *The martyrs glorified.* Rev. vii. 13—17. C. M.

1 THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.

4 The unvailed glories of his face
Among his saints reside;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

522. *The song of the hundred and forty and four thousand.* Rev. vii. 9—17. 7s. D.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
'Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.'

2 These through fiery trials trod!—
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

523. *The glorified saints.* Rev. vii. 9. 7s.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,—
'Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of Lords.'

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

5 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high!

524. *The same.* C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,—
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

525. *Ancient examples of faith.* C. M.

1 RISE, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road,
That led them safe to heaven.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

526. *Worship concluded.* **L. M.**

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, Father, let us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Permit us, Lord, within thy house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Then may we meet around thy throne.

527. *The same.* **8s, 7s & 4.**

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

528. *The same.* 8s & 7s. D.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

529. Heb. xiii. 20, 21. 7s.

1 NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

530. *The same.* 8s. A.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'T is Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We 'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

531. *Worship concluded.* L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

532. *The same.* S. M.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

3 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

4 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,—
'Salvation to the Lord!'

533. Heb. xiii. 20, 21. C. M.

1 THE God of peace, who from the dead
Brought up again our Lord,
And, through the covenant in his blood,
Our souls, to peace, restored:—

2 Confirm our hearts, in each good work,
To do his perfect will;
That, made well pleasing in his sight,
Our course with joy we fill.

3 So shall we, in his heavenly courts,
Hereafter, ever live;
And to his name, through Jesus Christ,
Eternal glory give.

534. Rom. xvi. 25, 27. Eph. vi. 23, 24. S. M.

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM.

535. *Baptism of adult converts.* L. M.

1 OBEDIENT to our Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

2 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;
O bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of glory round them shine.

3 Ye, who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Arise, his gracious call obey,
And be baptized without delay.

536. *The baptism of a household.* L. M.

1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family—
Thy face they seek, and let them find.

2 Let the dear children of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive, at their obedient hand,
The treasures they devote as thine;
They come, our Lord, at thy command,
O seal the rite with power divine.

537. *Children devoted to God.* C. M.

Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts, xvi. 14, 15, 33.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,—
'I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerons race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.'

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

538. *Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.* C. M.

Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark, x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

539. *Christ's condescension to children.* Mark, x. 14. C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

540. *The covenant with believers and their offspring.* S. M.

1 OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

541. Psalm ciii. 17, 18. C. M.

1 O LORD, thy covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Thy mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same.

2 In thee our fathers put their trust;
Thy ways they humbly trod;
Honored and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.

3 Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
We the same path pursue:
Entail the blessing to our heirs;
Lord! show thy promise true.

542. *The baptism of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from on high;
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

543. *A memorial of our absent Lord.* L. M

Luke, xxii. 19, 20.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

544. *Divine love making a feast.* C. M.

Luke, xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,—
'Lord, why was I a guest!

3 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?'

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

545. *Communion with Christ and with saints.* S. M

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

546. *The New Testament in the blood of Christ.* C. M.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

547. *Grateful remembrance.* Luke, xxii. 19. C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

548. *The same.* C. M.

1 IF human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thought within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
'Meet and remember me!'

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

549. *The same.* C. M

1 LORD! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord!
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

550. *The same.* L. M.

1 AT thy command, O Lord, our hope,
We come around thy table here;
We break the bread, we bless the cup
That show thy death till thou appear.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause!
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,—
'He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.'

551. *Showing the Lord's death till he come.* 11s.

1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 O THOU who hast died to redeem us from hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kindness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our atonement and priest.

2 While thus, in remembrance, thine anguish we see,
One tie binds our spirits, dear Saviour, to thee;
Thy body was broken to make us thine own,—
All saved from one ruin,—in thee we are one.

3 We drink of the wine, remembering thy blood,
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of God,—
O come the blest day, when to us 'twill be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of heaven.

552. *The Saviour invoked at his table.* 9s & 8s.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

553. *Consecration remembered and renewed.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

554. *Earnest supplication to Christ.* 7s & 6s. P

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all sin do thou release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

555. *The Lord's supper a memorial.* 7s. 6 l.

1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,

And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Through the churches' long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common head.

4 Come, the blesséd emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

556. *After the communion.* C. M.

1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,—
The hope that never tires,—
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,—
The joy that heaven inspires,—

3 Still may their light, our duties trace,
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the Prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer,—

5 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste :—

6 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

ORDINATIONS AND COUNCILS.

557. *The apostles' commission.* Matt. xxviii. 18—20. L M.

1 'GO, preach my gospel,' saith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
And he condemned that won't believe.

2 'I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 'Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend.'

4 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

558. *The Institution of a gospel ministry from Christ.* Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12. L. M.

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame :
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

4 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

559. *Ordination in an ancient New England church.* L. M

1 HERE, Lord of life and light, to thee
Our pilgrim fathers bowed the knee;
Thou heard'st their prayer, and in this place
They reared the temple of thy grace.

2 Here thy own servants preached thy word,
Safe from the prison and the sword;
Nor preached in vain, each rolling year
Gave witness that the Lord was here.

3 Here still thy word is preached, and still,
As once on Zion's sacred hill,
Thy grace descends like timely showers,—
For still our fathers' God is ours.

4 Amid our fathers' graves, to-day,
To thee, our fathers' God, we pray—
Here on thy church, till time shall end,
Let showers of heavenly grace descend.

560. *The responsibility of ministers.* C. M.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for those for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, that must forever live
In rapture, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

561. *Meeting of ministers.* L. M.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:—

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep:—

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

562. *The same.* 1 Peter, v. 3. C. M.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee!

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

563. *The honor of converting sinners.* Dan. xii. 3. L. M.

1 HOW blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
How happy they whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

2 To win them from the fatal way
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
And that blest righteousness display
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

564. *At the forming of a church.* Isa. lvi. 6, 7. H. M.
Matt. xxi. 13. Eph. ii. 13, 19.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer!

2 Though once estrangéd far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father King, thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4. May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir on Zion's hill.

565. *Welcome to christian friends.* L. M.

1 MAY he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

3 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love and wonder and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

566. *Direction sought in the choice of a Pastor.* L. M.

1 O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 In humble faith, behold, we wait;
On thee we call at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

4 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

567. *Prayer for a sick Pastor.* L. M.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save:
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

3 Bound to his soul by tenderest ties,
We suffer while in pain he lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God! impart,
Nor rend him from each trembling heart.

4 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

568. *For the choice, or setting apart of a deacon.* L. M.

1 GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high,
Under thy care thy churches live:
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may thy name be blessed,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord;
On deacons may thy favor rest,
Chosen according to thy word.

3 While they their works assigned fulfill,
O may their souls with grace be crowned:
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness in their lives abound.

4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear,
Ever may they themselves approve;
Sober and just, devout, sincere,
Guided by wisdom from above.

5 And when their service here is done,
Their labors and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne,
In heaven to praise thee evermore.

569. *For a church fast.* L. M.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
And when to happier days we turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn.

2 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone—
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

3 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds his healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

4 Yet still thy name be ever blessed,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH.

570. *Covenant union.* Jer. l. 5. C. M

1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace:
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

571. *The Christian profession.* C. M.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

572. *Choosing the heritage of God's people.* 7s. D.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

573. *Vows remembered and renewed.* L. M.

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

574. *Welcome to christian fellowship.* L. M.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of our God,
In Jesus' name we bid thee come;
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
Henceforth a brother,—welcome home.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

575. *Praise for accessions to the church.* H. M.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God;
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold.
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honors pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days.
And every age its tribute brings,
And bows to thee, the King of kings.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway.
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain.
When earth and time no more endure,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

DEDICATIONS.

576. *On opening a place for worship.* L. M.

1 AND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

577. Isa. lvi. 7. 7s.

1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread.
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

578. *On opening a place of worship.* **H. M.**

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

579. *A blessing implored.* L. M.

1 WHEN here, O Lord, we seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

2 When here thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 When children's voices raise the song,—
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,—
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let their angels sing.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

580. *The same.* C. M.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

581. *Prayer for the young.* C. M.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, betimes obey
The voice of sovereign love!
Ye rove in folly's dangerous way,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

582. *Prayer of a youth.* S. M.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God! to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renewed by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 May thy young servant learn
By this to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

583. *The power and greatness of God.* C. M.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his holy word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this heavenly train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

584. *Childhood of Jesus.* Luke, ii. 42—52. C. M.

1 O WISDOM! whose unfading power
Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;

2 Yet did'st thou not disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy faltered prayer.

3 But, in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour! deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness.

585. *The christian child.* C. M.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

586. *Children recalling Christ's example and his love.* C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms,
May we forever lie.

587. *Hosannas to Christ.* L. M.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given;
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

588. *Early instruction.* S. M.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young,
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 O may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

589. *A youth's thanks for the Bible.* C. M.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

5 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

590. *Children anticipating heaven.* C. M

1 THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught,
May enter to thy rest.

591. *Children praising God.* 7s.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Give them tongues of holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blesséd Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that 'God is love.'

MISSIONARY.

592. *The wants of the heathen.* 7s & 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

593. *Prayer for the heathen.* C. M

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth,
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unvailing what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Oh, when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutored heathen tribes,—
A dark bewildered race,—
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise!

594. *For home missions in new settlements.* L. M. 61.

Isa. xl. 3.

1 CHURCHES of Christ, by God's right-hand
Long planted in this favored land!
If to your hearts his word be dear,
O think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native homes exiled,
A pastor's voice amid the wild.

2 O let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness:
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need;
Nor let a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light.

3 Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed!
For thy dispersèd ones we plead:
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'T is thine to multiply the bread:
Richly hast thou our wants supplied;—
By us, for them, for all, provide.

595. *For the ancient eastern churches.* Rev. ii. 5. L. M.

1 O LORD! thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, though fallen, bear;
Where once thy bold apostles stood,
And sealed thy truth with martyrs' blood.

2 Where now the Turk in darkness reigns,
To curse with blight earth's fairest plains,—
There let again thy gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.

3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the cross its banner wave;
While Syria sees her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.

4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice, his love implore;
Egypt thy sacred word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

596. *For the conversion of the Jews.* L. M.

1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
Recall them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Lord, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeased, return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

597. *Remonstrance with the Jews.* Ps. cxxxvii. 1—6. L M.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Why mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake!—thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his scepter sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

598. *On the departure of missionaries.* 7s & 6s.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's deep shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee!

599. *Missionaries encouraged.* L. M.

1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall—
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

600. *Christ's messengers.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth,—
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth,—
Bear the tidings,
Tell the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Go,—and when exposed to dangers,
Jesus will your souls defend;
Go, and when 'mid foes and strangers,
He will still appear your friend,—
His kind presence
Shall be with you to the end.

601. *Cheering missionary intelligence.* Isa. xii. 5. L. M.

1 HARK! how the distant nations sing,
The mountains and the valleys ring;
And while they welcome Jacob's star,
With joy we listen from afar.

2 'T is Jacob's star that sheds its light
On lands till now involved in night,
And gives the promise of a day,
Whose glories never fade away.

3 For joy of this the people sing,
For joy of this the mountains ring:
The sacred joy, the cheerful sound,
Will spread, ere long, the world around.

602. *Christ reigning over all the earth.* 7s

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
'Jesus reigns for evermore!'

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
'Jesus is the King of kings!'

CHARITABLE AND BENEVOLENT.

603. *Kindness to the afflicted.* C. M.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise:
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

5 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

604. *Liberality, after divine example.* L. M.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons;—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun!
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life his way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

605. *The beneficence of Christ for our imitation.* L. M.

Acts x. 38.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank;—

4 But he, who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

606. *Charitable offerings.* S. M

1 THY bounties, gracious God,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 Let the Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow for thee our every gift,
And every folly hide.

4 O may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

5 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And in a rich reward fulfill
His kindest promises.

607. *Peace.* L. M.

1 THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace:
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons for war designed, shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.

3 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing,—
'The Lord omnipotent is king!'
Earth's utmost parts to him belong;
Arise, ye saints, and join the song!

608. *Peace.* Ps. xlvi. 9. L. M.

1 GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth, and sea,
With all their countless hosts obey,
Upheld by thee the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.

2 O show thyself the Prince of peace,
Command the din of war to cease;
With sacred love the world inspire,
And burn its chariots in the fire.

3 In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The perfect rest of christian love!

CIVIL.

609. *National blessings acknowledged.* C. M.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favored States rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And hath our weak beginning crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress, our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
For life we prayed; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 On thee, when perils rise again,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

5 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine almighty name.

610. *The same.* C. M.

1 GOD of our fathers, to thy throne
Our grateful songs we raise;
Thou art our God, and thou alone,—
Accept our humble praise.

2 Unnumbered benefits from thee,
Are showered upon our land;
Behold! through all our coasts we see,
The bounties of thy hand.

3 Here thou wert once the pilgrim's guide;
Thou gav'st them here a place,
Where freedom spreads its blessings wide,
O'er all their favored race.

4 Here, Lord, thy gospel's holy light
Is shed on all our hills;
And, like the rains and dews of night,
Celestial grace distills.

5 Still teach us, Lord, thy name to fear,
And still our guardian be;
O let our children's childen here
Forever worship thee.

611. *Praise for national peace.* Psalm, xlvi. 9. L. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;—

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,—
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfill.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

612. *Praise and prayer for our country.* L. P. M

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
O may our nation ever own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Here, mighty Lord, in glory reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With truth and peace our borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

613. *For a public fast.* C. M

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Despise thy holy name!

4 O bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

614. *National judgments deprecated.* L. M.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh, whither shall the hopeless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall,
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church, which thou hast planted here.

615. *Pardon implored for national sins.* 8s & 7s.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:—

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy vail transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

616. *Fast, in a time of national calamity.* C. M.

1 COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blesséd hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

617. *The providence of God over nations.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

2 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

3 Upheld by thine unfailing aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

4 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

618. *God ever the dwelling-place of his people.* L. M.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blessed;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

4 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our ransomed souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

5 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

619. *For the twenty-second of December.* L. M.

1 O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer,—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams;
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

620. *God the defence of our country.* C. M.

Psalm, xlviii. 3.

1 GREAT is the Lord! his praise be great!
Ye lands, your tributes bring:
Our country, thou his chosen seat,
Be first to praise thy King.

2 God in thy borders well is known,
A strong and faithful friend:
O rest thou still on him alone,
And he will still defend.

3 Here in thy courts again we stand,
Thy grace, O Lord, to see:
Soon let it shine on every land,
And win all hearts to thee.

4 But still our country be thy choice;
Still walk around her towers:
Still let her sons in thee rejoice,
And cry,—'The Lord is ours!'

621. *National hymn.* 6s & 4s.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
Rapture my spirit thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

FUNEREAL.

622. *An admonition from the grave.* C. M.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry:—
'Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers!
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.'

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

623. *The burial of a saint.* L. M.

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

624. 1 Thess. iv. 13. 12s & 11s.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered long:
The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst, was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

625. *At the funeral of a young person.* C. M.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch, and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

626. *The funeral of a child.* C. M

1 THE once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Look to the world on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

627. *The death of a minister.* S. M.

1 'SERVANT of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

628. *Comfort under the loss of ministers.* C. M.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young:
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord;
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

629. *After a pastor's death.* Numb. xxvii. 15—17. C. M.

1 TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust,
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God, return!

3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.

4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise,
Our accents of distress.

630. *On the death of a minister in his prime.* 10s.

1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
Thou art not called away before thy time;—
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave:—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

631. *Death of a christian among strangers.* L. M

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be·
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

632. *The missionary's death.* 8s & 9s.

1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;—

2 Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given,
O weep not for him: he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave,—
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home, far away o'er the wave:—

4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

5 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;—

6 But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring appears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

633. *Saturday evening.* C. M

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet will be the dawning light,
Whose soft and sacred rays
The willing soul to rest invite,
And grateful songs of praise.

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

634. *Prayer for mariners.* L. M.

1 WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let thy Spirit's wind but blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

635. *Prayer for the children of the church* L. M.

1 O GOD of Abraham! ever sure
The mercies of thy covenant stand;
And still thy saints, in thee secure,
May leave their offspring in thy hand.

2 Thou shepherd of thine Israel! tend
Our children, as thy lambs, in love,—
From peril all their paths defend,
And bring them to thy fold above.

3 Should they their covenant God forsake,
Then thou, our God, forsake them not;
Thy mercy let them still partake,
Nor be thy promises forgot.

4 Let not thy wrath against them burn,—
Behold the seal that marks them thine;
Thy power the wayward heart can turn,—
O turn their hearts by power divine.

636. *For a maternal association.* S. M.

1 PLANTS of the heart we bring,—
The nurslings of our care,—
That often at the household shrine
Have drunk the dews of prayer,—

2 That, mid the darksome night,
Or morning's earliest ray,
Are still remembered with a love
That cannot fade away.

3 Yet, from the Book divine,
We learn with anxious pain,
That e'en the sleepless culturer's toil
May be unblest and vain.

4 Therefore, to thee we turn,
Almighty Sire and Friend,
Who to our stewardship hath deigned
These priceless plants to lend ;—

5 Guard them from blight and blast,
And the destroyer's doom,—
And grant them in thy bowers above
Eternally to bloom.

637. *For mite societies.* 7s

1 LITTLE rain-drops feed the rill,
Rills to meet the brooklet glide,
Brooks the broader rivers fill,
Rivers swell the ocean's tide,—

2 Ocean,—that with solemn note,
Proudly rears a foaming crest,
While the mightiest navies float
Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

3 So, the dew-drops gathered here,—
Mites from willing childhood's hand,—
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land,—

4 With that sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

638. *Marriage.* C. M.

1 BY vows of love together bound,
The twain, on earth, are one:
One may their hearts, O Lord, be found,
Till earthly cares are done.

2 As from the home of earlier years
They wander, hand in hand,
To pass along, with smiles and tears,
The path of thy command:—

3 With more than earthly parents' care,
Do thou their steps attend;
And with the joys or woes they share,
Thy loving kindness blend.

4 O let the memory of this hour
In future years come nigh
To bind, with sweet, attractive power,
And cheer them till they die.

5 And to that blesséd, fadeless land,
Where partings may not be,
Lead them—a happy household band—
Forever near to thee.

639. *Drought.* C. M.

1 THE sun, that minister of love,
Who from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;—

2 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales are parched with drought,
And blooming life expires.

3 Like burnished brass, the heaven above
In angry terror burns,
While earth becomes a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

4 O pity, Lord, our deep distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send.

640. *Goodness of God in the seasons.* S. M

1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy kind providing hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.

4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

641. *Spring.* C. M.

1 WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day.

2 O let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

642. *Summer—A harvest hymn.* C. M.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the laborers behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

643. *Autumn.* 8s & 7s.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground:
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty, blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach, in mortal hearing,—
Ye, like us, shall pass away.'

5 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

644. *Winter.* C. M.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Of late with verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart,—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains;
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great Source of light! thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

645. *An agricultural hymn.* C. M.

1 TO thee, O God, the shepherd kings
Their earliest homage paid,
And wafted upon angel wings
Their worship was conveyed.

2 And they who 'watched their flocks by night,'
Were first to learn thy grace,—
Were first to seek by dawning light,
Their Saviour's dwelling place.

3 The hills and vales, the woods and streams,
The fruits and flowers, are thine;
Where'er the sun can send its beams
Or the mild moon can shine.

4 By thee, the spring puts forth its leaves,
By thee, comes down the rain,
By thee, the yellow harvest sheaves
Stand ripening on the plain.

5 When winter comes in storm and wrath,
Thy soothing voice is heard;
As round the farmer's peaceful hearth
Is read thy holy word.

6 Thus are we fostered by thy care,
Supported by thy hand;
Our heritage is rich and fair,
And this thy chosen land.

646. *The shortness of life and the goodness of God.* C. M.

1 TIME! what an empty vapor 't is,
And days how swift they are!
Swift as the archer's arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'T is sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name adored.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

647. *Frail life, and succeeding eternity.* C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

648. *Time passing—salvation approaching.* C. M.

Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise the sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

649. *The past year reviewed.* 7s. D.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

650. *Divine aid acknowledged.* L. M

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

651. *Goodness of Providence.* C. M

1 GOD of our lives! thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall daily incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While daily mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see:
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
And in affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

652. *Future blessings implored.* C. M.

1 NOW, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known:
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free!
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room!

653. *Solemn anticipations.* C. M.

1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their round,
How short the months appear.

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we spend
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways to mend
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

654. *Family religion.* Gen. xviii. 19. **L. M.**

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still, sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O, may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

655. *The family altar erected.* **S. M.**

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A dwelling-place for thee.

656. *Habitual devotion.* **C. M.**

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed!
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

657. *Retirement and meditation.* Psalm, iv. 4. L. M.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

658. *Retirement.* C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

659. *Retirement and meditation.* L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

660. *Secret devotion.* Matt. vi. 6. C. M.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O may thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

661. *Solitude.* C. M.

1 HOW deep and tranquil is the joy
Which thou hast kindly given
To those who seek thy presence, Lord,
And tread the path to heaven.

2 'T is in the silence of the shade
My sober thoughts begin,
And earth's illusive charms appear
But vanity and sin.

3 'T is here the troubled springs of life
Are calmed to sweetest rest;
The stillness of this hour expels
The tumult of my breast.

4 Far, far above all mortal things
I walk with God alone;
And while he names celestial joys,
I call them all my own.

5 Then let the noisy world pursue
The trifles of a day,—
Mine be the silent, secret joys
That never fade away.

662. *Self-examination.* L. M.

1 WHAT image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine?

2 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

3 Scatter the clouds, which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.

4 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear!

663. *Living in the presence of God.* C. M

1 TO thee, my God, my days are known,—
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret prayer devotion breathes
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eyes appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond dissolves,
Shall find my God is nigh.

664. *Death of the righteous.* S. H. M.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares, away!
Silence and darkness reign around;
But lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears!

2 Behold the bed of death,—
This pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eyes' last ray?—
No!—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this altered mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.

4 Bury the dead,—and weep,
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead,—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave, their dust shal rise
In his own image to the skies.

665. *Sorrowing not without hope.* 1 Thess. iv. 13. C. P. M.

1 IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain-load:
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

666. *Comforts of the gospel in sickness.* Ps. civ. 34. C. M.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

667. *On recovery from sickness.* Ps. cxvi. 6. C. M.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
Upon thy faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come:
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou ordainest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

668. *The same.* S. M.

1 JUST o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes;
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.

2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Revealed no charming ray;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.

3 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account
My blessings, wasted here.

4 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of woe
He bade my spirit dwell.

5 My friends, now friends no more,
At infinite remove,
Left me, to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.

6 Then to the Lord I cried,—
He saved my soul from death:
To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

669. *'I would not live alway.'* 11s

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:—

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

670. *On changing place of abode.* L. M.

1 SOLE Sovereign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.

2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope a lasting home;
We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house which ever stands.

3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destined race is run,
Assign us mansions near thy throne.

671. *The Sabbath.—For family worship.* L. M

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see,
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

672. *Doubt and anxiety.* John, xxi. 15. 7s.

1 COULD my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

2 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

3 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case—
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

673. *Death of an infant.* L. M.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

674. *Children dying in their infancy, in the arms of Jesus.* Matt. xix. 14. C. M.

1 SAVIOUR! I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

2 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blessed.

3 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

4 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,—
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

675. *Heaven anticipated.* 8s & 6s.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

676. *In age and sickness.* C. P. M.

1 THY mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 Then e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
Oh! yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record,
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

677. *Prayer in view of death.* C. M.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;—

2 Thou source of life and joy supreme!
Whose arm alone can save,—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a beam of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

4 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath,
And in thy kind embraces lose
'The bitterness of death.'

DAILY WORSHIP.

678. *Daily devotion.—For morning or evening.* L. M. 61.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

679. *Daily devotion.* Ps. lv. 17. L. M.

1 SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings!

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

680. *The same.* 7s. & 6s

1 TO thee, my God, and Saviour,
My heart exulting springs,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the wondrous story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
My toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

681. *Praise God forever.* Ps. cxlvi. 2. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

682. *A hymn for morning and evening.* C. M.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake; and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

683. *The same.* Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7. **L. M**

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

684. *The same.* **C. M.**

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blessed,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking, or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

MORNING.

685. *A morning hymn.* Ps. xix. 5, 8; lxxiii. 24, 25. L. M.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

686. *The same.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

687. *The same.* C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

688. *The same.* S. M.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 Oh, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Cleansed by thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

6 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

689. *The same.* **L. M.**

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning-light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

690. *The same.* Ps. iii. 5. C. M.

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

4 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

691. *The same.* C. M.

1 NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

692. *The continual fear of God.* Prov. xxiii. 17. C. M

1 THRICE happy souls, who born of heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

3 'Mid hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amid the social band,
In solitude with thee.

7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

693. *Daily obedience.* Gen. v. 24; vi. 9. L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

3 For thee alone we would employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

EVENING.

694. *An evening hymn.* C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But Oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning flood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

695. *An evening hymn.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

696. *The same.* L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

697. *The same.* L. M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

698. *The same.* C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

3 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

4 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

699. *Evening.* 7s.

1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

700. *The same.* S. M.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

701. *The same.* S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:—

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

702. *The same.* Ps. cxxi. 4. 7s.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade!
Welcome to my wearied head:
Welcome, slumber! to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities.

2 That kind eye, which cannot sleep
These defenceless hours shall keep
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 What if death my sleep invade,
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome, sleep or death, to me,—
Still secure, for still with thee.

703. *Evening prayer for divine protection.* 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal:
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

704. *Evening prayer for the sick.* C. M.

1 O! THOU whose ever wakeful eye
Unceasing watch does keep,
Who to thy best belovéd ones
Dost give refreshing sleep:—

2 With thy kind guardian wing o'ershade
Thy servant's slumbering head,
And through the visions of the night
Thy holy influence shed.

3 Let wearied nature, in thine arms
Enjoy a sweet repose,
Till to his gladdened eyes, the morn
Its pleasant light disclose.

705. *Angel guards.* 8s. A. D.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

706. *Evening twilight.* C. M.

1 HAIL tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and griefs and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4. C. M.—D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one,—
Let saints and angels join.

5. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

6. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

7. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8. L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

9. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath.
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

10. 8s & 7s.—D.

PRAISE the God of our salvation:—
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,—
Author of the new creation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

11. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

12. 6s & 4s.

TO the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

13. 7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

SELECTED

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

IN PARALLELISMS,

FOR CHANTING.

THE Psalms and other poetical parts of the Old Testament are not originally metrical, but have the same structure in the Hebrew which they have in our translated Bible. The peculiarity which distinguishes them from prose is *parallelism*, or a repetition of the thought with variations of expression in successive sentences, or in successive portions of the same sentence. The Psalms, therefore, as used by the ancient people of God, in the temple or in the synagogues, were chanted, not sung to metrical tunes,—the music being a natural mode of keeping the voices of the congregation together in time and in tone.

The first Christian assemblies, using of course the "Psalms" of the Old Testament, and adding "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" of their own, could not but adopt the mode of singing with which they were familiar in the synagogues and in the temple. Accordingly the poetical passages of the New Testament are generally in none of the meters of Greek poetry, but resemble in structure the poetry of the Old Testament. See Luke i. 46—55, 68—79. See also the hymns and choruses in the book of Revelation. So when the Apostle Paul, at the close of his argument on the doctrine of the resurrection, rises into the abrupt and impassioned style of lyric poetry, his language throws itself spontaneously into the form of the parallelism; (1 Cor. xv. 42—55,)unless, indeed, the Apostle, in that passage, is quoting from a primitive Christian Hymn.

The Selections which follow, are introduced for the sake of accommodating those churches in which the primitive mode of singing is adopted in addition to the use of Psalms and Hymns in meter.

ORDINARY PUBLIC WORSHIP.

INTRODUCTORY.

SELECTION 1. Ps. 1.

1 BLESSED is the man
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat . . of the | scornful;
2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord,
And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit . . in his | season.
4 His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatso- | ever . . he | doeth . . shall | prosper.

5 The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind | driveth . . a- | way.
6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre- | ga-tion | of the | righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of the un- | godly . . shall | perish.
8 The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the | way . . of the un- | godly . . shall | perish.

SELECTION 2. Ps. xix.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his | handy- | work.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech,
And | night . . unto | night . . showeth | knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language
Where their | voice . . is not | heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their | words . . to the | end . . of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to | run a | race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it,
And there is nothing | hid . . from the | heat there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect,
Con- | verting . . the | soul.
8 The testimony of the Lord is | sure, . .
Making | wise the | simple.

9 The statutes of the Lord are right,
Re- | joicing . . the | heart.
10 The commandment of the Lord is | pure,
En- | lightening . . the | eyes.

11 The fear of the Lord is clean,
En- | during . . for- | ever.
12 The judgments of the Lord are true,
And | right-eous | al-to- | gether.

13 More to be desired are they than gold,
Yea than much fine gold,
Sweeter also than honey and the | hon-ey- | comb.
14 Moreover by them is thy servant warned,
And in keeping of | them . . there is | great re- | ward.

15 Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse thou me from | se-cret | faults.
16 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins,
Let them | not . . have do- | min-ion | over me.

17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent
From the | great trans- | gression.
18 Let the words of my mouth,
And the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord,
My | strength and | my Re- | deemer. Amen.

SELECTION 3. From Ps. xxvii.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation, |
Whom . . shall I | fear?
2 The Lord is the strength of my life,
Of | whom . . shall I | be a- | fraid?

3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, |
That . . will I | seek after ;
4 That I may dwell in the house of the Lord
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the Lord,
And to in- | quire— | in his | temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion ;
6 In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ;
He shall | set me . . up- | on a | rock.

7 And now shall my head be lifted up
Above mine enemies, | round a- | bout me.
8 Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;
I will sing, yea, I will sing | praises . . un- | to the | Lord.

9 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice :
Have mercy also upon me, and | answer | me.
10 When thou saidst, seek ye my face ;
My heart said unto thee, Thy | face, Lord, | will I | seek.

11 Hide not thy face far from me ;
Put not thy servant a- | way in | anger.
12 Thou hast been my help ; leave me not,
Neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness
Of the Lord, in the | land . . of the | living.
14 Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage,
And he shall strengthen thine heart : |
Wait, I | say, . . on the | Lord.

SELECTION 4. From Ps. lxiii. 1—8.

1 O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee :
My soul thirsteth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where | no . . water | is,
2 To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have | seen thee | in the | sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life,
My | lips shall | praise thee.
4 Thus will I bless thee while I live,
And will | lift . . up my | hands . . in thy | name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness,
And my mouth shall praise thee with | joy-ful | lips,
6 When I remember thee upon my bed,
And | meditate . . on | thee . . in the | night-watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help ;
Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will | I re- | joice.
8 My soul followeth hard after thee ;
Thy | right . . hand up- | hold-eth | me.

SELECTION 5. Ps. lxv. 1—7.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion :
2 And unto | thee . . shall the | vow . . be per- | formed.

3 O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall | all flesh | come.
4 Iniquities prevail against me :
As for our transgressions, | thou shalt | purge them . . a- | way.

5 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,
And causest to approach unto thee,
That he may | dwell . . in thy | courts.
6 We shall be satisfied with the goodness
Of thy house, | even . . of thy | ho-ly | temple.

7 By terrible things in righteousness
Wilt thou answer us, O God of | our sal- | vation.
8 Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are a- | far . . off up- | on the | sea.

9 Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being | girded . . with | power:
10 Who stilleth the noise of the seas,
The noise of their waves, and the | tu-mult | of the | people.

11 Praise waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion:
12 And unto | thee . . shall the | vow . . be per- | formed.

SELECTION 6. From Ps. lxxxiv.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth
For the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh crieth | out . . for the | liv-ing | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself,
Where she may | lay her | young,
4 Even thine altars, O Lord of | hosts, my | King . . and my | God.

5 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still | prais-ing | thee.
6 They go from strength to strength;
Every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth . . be- | fore— | God.

7 O Lord God of hosts hear my prayer:
Give ear, O | God of | Jacob.
8 Behold, O God, our shield,
And look upon the | face of | thine an- | ointed.

9 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the | tents of | wickedness.
10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield:
The | Lord will . . give | grace and | glory:

11 No good thing will he withhold from them that | walk up- | rightly.
12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the | man that | trusteth . . in | thee.

SELECTION 7. From Ps. xcii.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, | O Most | High!
2 To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning,
And thy | faithful . . ness | eve-ry | night.

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me | glad . . through thy | work;
4 I will | triumph . . in the | work . . of thy | hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works!
And thy thoughts are | ve-ry | deep.
6 A brutish man knoweth not |
Neither . . doth a | fool . . under- | stand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish,
It is that they shall be de- | stroyed for- | ever:
8 But thou, Lord, art most | high for | ever- | more.

9 For lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
For lo, thine | enemies . . shall | perish.
10 All the workers of in- | iqui . . ty | shall be | scattered.

11 The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree,
He shall grow like a | cedar . . in | Lebanon.
12 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord
Shall | flourish . . in the | courts . . of our | God.

13 They shall bring forth fruit in old age,
They shall be | fat and | flourishing,
To show that the Lord is upright:
He is my rock, and there is | no un- | righteous . . ness | in him.

SELECTION 8. Ps. xciii.

1 The Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty;
The Lord is clothed with strength,
Wherewith he hath | girded . . him- | self:
2 The world also is established, | that it | cannot . . be | moved.

3 Thy throne is established of old,
Thou art from | ev-er- | lasting.
4 The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice;
The | floods lift | up their | waves.

5 The Lord on high is mightier
Than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty | waves . . of the | sea.
6 Thy testimonies are very sure;
Holiness becometh thine | house, O | Lord, for- | ever.

SELECTION 9. Ps. xcv.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful | noise . . unto | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands | formed the . . dry | land.
6 O come, let us worship, and bow down:
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture,
And the | sheep of . . his | hand.
8 To-day, if ye will hear his voice,
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness
When your fathers tempted me, |
Proved me . . and | saw my | work,

9 Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not | known my | ways.
10 Unto whom I sware in my wrath,
That they should | not . . enter | into . . my | rest.

SELECTION 10. Ps. c.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands.
2 Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his | pres-ence | with a | song.

3 Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God:
4 It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.
We are his | people, . . and the | sheep of . . his | pasture.

5 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his | courts with | praise:
6 Be thankful unto | him, and | bless his | name.

7 For the Lord is good, his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting.
8 And his truth endureth to | all— | gen-e- | rations.

SELECTION 11. Ps. cxxi.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh . . my | help.
2 My help cometh from the | Lord,
Who . . made | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold he that keepeth Israel, |
Shall not | slumber . . nor | sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by | day, . .
Nor the | moon by | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and | even for | ever- | more.

SELECTION 12. Ps. cxxii.

1 I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the | house . . of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether.

3 Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the | name . . of the | Lord.
4 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The | thrones . . of the | house of | David.

5 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall | prosper . . that | love thee.
6 Peace be within thy walls;
And pros- | perity . . with- | in thy | palaces.

7 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, | Peace, . . be with- | in thee,
8 Because of the house of the Lord our | God, . .
I will | seek thy | good.

SELECTION 13. From Ps. cxxxix.

1 O LORD, thou hast | searched me, . . and | known me.
2 Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising;
Thou understandest my | thought a- | far — | off.

3 Thou compassest my path, and my lying down,
And art acquainted with | all my | ways.
4 For there is not a word on my tongue,
But lo, O Lord, thou | knowest . . it | al-to- | gether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine | hand up- | on me.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ;
It is high, I | cannot . . at- | tain un- | to it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ?
Or whither shall | I flee . . from thy | presence ?
8 If I ascend into heaven, thou art there ;
If I make my bed in | hell, be- | hold . . thou art | there.

9 If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost | parts . . of the | sea ;
10 Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy | right . . hand shall | hold— | me.

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me ;
Even the night shall be | light a- | bout me.
12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ;
But the night shineth as the day ;
The darkness and the light are | both a- | like to | thee.

13 Search me, O God, and know my heart ;
Try me, and | know my | thoughts ;
14 And see if there be any wicked way in me,
And | lead me . . in the | way . . ever- | lasting.

SELECTION 14. Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed | be thy | name :
2 Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on | earth . . as it | is in | heaven.

3 Give us this day our | da-ily | bread ;
4 And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive | them that | trespass . . a- | gainst us.

5 And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver | us from | evil ;
6 For thine is the kingdom, and the | power, . .
And the | glory . . for- | ever. A-men.

CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

SELECTION 15. From Ps. xxxviii.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath,
Neither chasten me in thy | hot dis- | pleasure.
2 For thine arrows stick fast in me,
And thy | hand— | presseth . . me | sore.

3 There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger ;
Neither is there any rest in my bones, be- | cause of . . my | sin.
4 For mine iniquities are gone over my head ;
As an heavy burthen they are | too— | hea-vy | for me.

5 Forsake me not, O Lord ;
O my God, be | not far | from me :
6 Make haste to help me,
O | Lord— | my sal- | vation.

SELECTION 16. From Ps. li.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God,
According to thy | lov-ing- | kindness;
2 According to the multitude of thy tender **mercies,** |
Blot out | my trans- | gressions.

3 Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
And cleanse me | from my | sin.
4 For I acknowledge my transgressions;
And my | sin is | ever . . be- | fore me.

5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil | in thy | sight.
6 That thou mayest be justified when thou **speakest,**
And be | clear— | when thou | judgest.

7 Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right | spirit . . with- | in me.
8 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy | Ho-ly | Spir-it | from me.

9 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,
And uphold me with | thy free | Spirit:
10 Then will I teach transgressors thy way;
And sinners shall be con- | vert-ed | un-to | thee.

SELECTION 17. From Ps. xxxii.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose | sin is | covered!
2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth **not iniquity,**
And in whose | spirit . . there | is no | guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old
Through my roaring | all the . . day | long.
4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me.
My moisture is | turned . . into the | drought of | **summer.**

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity have | I not | hid.
6 I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the **Lord,**
And thou forgavest the in- | iqui- . . ty | of my | sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee
In the time when thou | mayest be | found.
8 Surely in the floods of great waters they shall | not come | nigh . . **unto** |
him.

9 Thou art my hiding place;
Thou shalt pre- | serve me . . from | trouble;
10 Thou shalt compass me a- | bout with | songs . . of de- | liverance.

SELECTION 18. Ps. cxxx.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord.
2 Lord, hear my voice;
Let thine ears be attentive to the | voice . . of my | sup-pli- | cations.

3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities,
O Lord, | who shall | stand.
4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, . .
That thou | mayest be | feared.

5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in his | word . . do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than they that watch for the morning,
I say | more than . . they that | watch . . for the | morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the Lord:
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is | plenteous . . re- | demption.
8 And he shall redeem Israel
From | all— | his in- | iquities.

GENERAL PRAISE.

SELECTION 19. Ps. xxxvi. 5—10.

1 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens;
And thy faithfulness reacheth | unto . . the | clouds.
2 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains;
Thy judgments are a great deep:
O Lord, thou pre- | ser-vest | man and | beast.

3 How excellent is thy loving | kindness, . . O | God!
4 Therefore the children of men put their trust
Under the | shad-ow | of thy | wings.

5 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the | fatness . . of thy | house.
6 And thou shalt make them drink of the | riv-er | of thy | pleasures.

7 For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall | we see | light.
8 O continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee;
And thy righteousness | to the . . up- | right in | heart.

SELECTION 20. Ps. lxv. 8—13.

1 Thou, Lord, makest the outgoings of the morning
And | evening . . to re- | joice;
2 Thou visiteth the earth, and waterest it;
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of | God . . which is | full of | water:

3 Thou preparest them corn,
When thou hast so pro- | vi-ded | for it.
4 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly;
Thou | settlest . . the | furrows . . there- | of:

5 Thou makest it soft with showers,
Thou blessest the | springing . . there- | of.
6 Thou crownest the year with thy | goodness: . .
And thy | paths drop | fatness.

7 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;
And the little hills rejoice on | eve-ry | side.
8 The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for | joy, they | al-so | sing.

SELECTION 21. From Ps. ciii.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me, bless his | ho-ly | name!
2 Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And for- | get not | all his | benefits!

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth | all . . thy dis- | eases.
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction:
Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness . . and | ten-der | mercies.

5 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment
For all that | are op- | pressed.
6 The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to | anger . . and | plenteous . . in | mercy.

7 He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his | anger . . for- | ever.
8 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us ac- | cording . . to | our in- | iquities.

9 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them that | fear him.
10 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he re- | moved . . our trans- | gressions . . from | us.

11 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens,
And his kingdom ruleth | o-ver | all.
12 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice— | of his | word.

13 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts,
Ye ministers of his that | do his | pleasure!
14 Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion!
Bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul!

SELECTION 22. Ps. cviii. 1—5.

1 O God, my heart is fixed;
I will sing and give praise, | even . . with my | glory.
2 Awake, psaltery and harp;
I my- | self . . will a- | wake— | early.

3 I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people;
And I will sing praises unto thee a- | mong the | nations.
4 For thy mercy is great above the heavens,
And thy | truth . . reacheth | unto . . the | clouds.

5 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens,
And thy glory above | all the | earth:
6 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens,
And thy | glory . . a- | bove . . all the | earth.

SELECTION 23. From Ps. cxi.

1 Praise | ye the | Lord!
2 I will praise the Lord with my whole heart,
In the assembly of the upright, and | in the—congre- | gation.

3 The works of the Lord are great,
Sought out of all them that have | pleasure . . there- | in.
4 His work is honorable and glorious;
And his | righteous- . . ness en- | dureth . . for- | ever.

5 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:
The Lord is gracious and | full of . . com- | passion.
6 The works of his hands are verity and judgment, |
All . . his com- | mandments . . are | sure.

7 They stand fast, forever and ever,
And are done in | truth . . and up- | rightness.
8 He sent redemption unto his people;
He hath commanded his covenant forever;
Holy and | reve-rend | is his | name.

9 The fear of the Lord is the be- | ginning . . of | wisdom:
10 A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
His | praise en- | dureth . . for- | ever.

SELECTION 24. Ps. cxlv. 1—13.

1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name for- | ever . . and | ever.
2 Every day will I bless thee,
And I will praise thy | name for- | ever . . and | ever

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness | is un- | searchable.
4 One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,
And of thy | wondrous | works.
6 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts,
And | I . . will de- | clare thy | greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy great | goodness,
8 And shall | sing— | of thy | righteousness.

9 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion:
Slow to anger, and of | great— | mercy.
10 The Lord is good to all;
And his tender mercies are | o-ver | all his | works.

11 All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord,
And thy | saints shall | bless thee;
12 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And | talk— | of thy | power.

13 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of | his— | kingdom.
14 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion en- | dureth . . throughout | all . . gene- | rations.

SELECTION 25. From Rev.

1 HALLELUJAH!
For the Lord God Om- | nipo-tent | reigneth!
2 The kingdoms of this world are become
The kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ;
And he shall | reign for- | ever . . and | ever.

3 Hallelujah!
We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,
Who art, and wast, and | art to | come.
4 King of | kings, and | Lord of | lords.

5 Hallelujah!
Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne,
And | unto . . the | Lamb.
6 A- | men! . . Halle- | lujah! . . A- | men.

7 Hallelujah!
Blessing, and glory, and wisdom,
And thanksgiving, and honor, and | power, and | might,
8 Be unto our | God for- | ever . . and | ever!

SELECTION 26. From Rev.

1 HALLELUJAH!
Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord | God Al- | mighty!
2 Just and true are thy | ways thou | King of | saints.

3 Hallelujah!
Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name:
For thou | only . . art | Holy.
4 For all nations shall come and worship before thee;
For thy | judg-ments | are made | manifest.

5 Hallelujah!
Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the | Lord our | God;
6 For true and | righteous | are his | judgments.

7 Hallelujah!
Praise our God, all | ye his | servants,
8 And ye that fear him, both small and great,
A- | men! . . Halle- | lujah! . . Halle- | lujah!

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

SELECTION 27. Ps. xxiii.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness, for his | name's— | sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy | staff they | com-fort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My | cup . . runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life:
And I shall dwell in the | house . . of the | Lord for- | ever.

SELECTION 28. Ps. lxxxix. 15—18.

1 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They shall walk, O Lord, in the | light . . of thy | countenance.
2 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:
And in thy | righteous- . . ness shall | they . . be ex- | alted.

3 For thou art the glory of their strength;
And in thy favor our horn shall | be ex- | alted.
4 For the Lord is our defence;
And the Holy One of | Is-rael | is our | King.

SELECTION 29. Ps. cxvii.

1 O praise the Lord, all ye nations,
Praise him | all ye | people.
2 For his merciful kindness is great toward us
And the truth of the Lord endureth forever: |
Praise— | ye the | Lord.

SELECTION 30. Ps. cxix. 1—8.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
Who walk in the | law . . of the | Lord.
2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,
And that | seek him | with the . . whole | heart.

3 They also do no iniquity:
They | walk in . . his | ways.
4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts,
To | keep thy | pre-cepts | diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed
To | keep thy | statutes!
6 Then shall I not be ashamed,
When I have re- | spect . . unto | all thy . . com- | mandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart,
When I shall have learned thy | right-eous | judgments.
8 I will keep thy statutes, |
O for- | sake me . . not | utterly.

SELECTION 31. Ps. cxix. 33—40.

1 Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes,
And I shall keep it | unto . . the | end.
2 Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall ob- | serve it . . with | my whole | heart.

3 Make me to go in the path of thy commandments:
For therein do | I de- | light.
4 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies,
And | not to | covet-ous- | ness.

5 Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;
And revive thou | me . . in thy | way.
6 Establish thy word unto thy servant,
Who is de- | vo-ted | to thy | fear.

7 Turn away my reproach which I fear:
For thy | judgments . . are | good.
8 Behold, I have longed after thy precepts:
Re- | vive me | in thy | righteousness.

SELECTION 32. Ps. cxix. 97—104.

1 O how I love thy law!
It is my meditation | all the | day.
2 Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than mine enemies,
For | they are | ev-er | with me.

3 I have more understanding than all my teachers;
For thy testimonies are my | medi- | tation.
4 I understand more than the ancients;
Be- | cause I | keep thy | precepts.

5 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
That I might | keep thy | word.
6 I have not departed from thy judgments,
For | thou hast | taught— | me.

7 How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey | to my | mouth.
8 Through thy precepts I get understanding,
Therefore I | hate . . every | false— | way.

SELECTION 33. Ps. cxix. 169—176.

1 Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord:
Give me understanding according | to thy | word.
2 Let my supplication come before thee:
Deliver me ac- | cording | to thy | word.

3 My lips shall utter thy praise,
When thou hast | taught me . . thy | statutes.
4 My tongue shall speak of thy word:
For all thy com- | mandments | are— | righteousness.
5 Let thine hand help me;
For I have | chosen . . thy | precepts.
6 I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord;
And thy | law is | my de- | light.
7 Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee;
And let thy | judg-ments | help me.
8 I have gone astray like a lost sheep:
Seek thy servant: for I do | not for- | get . . thy com- | mandments

SELECTION 34. From Ps. cxix. Isa. lvii.

1 Blessed are they that keep the testimonies of the Lord,
And that seek him with the | whole— | heart.
2 They also do no iniquity; they | walk— | in his | ways.
3 The wicked are like the troubled sea
When it cannot rest,
Whose waters cast up | mire and | dirt.
4 There is no | peace, . . saith my | God, . . to the | wicked.
5 Great peace have they who love thy law,
And nothing | shall of- | fend them.
6 But there is no | peace, saith my | God, . . to the | wicked.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM.

SELECTION 35. Isa. xliv. 2—5; lxiii. 16. Gal. iii. 29.

1 Thus saith the Lord that made thee,
And formed thee, | who will | help thee,
2 Fear not, O Jacob, my servant,
And | Is-rael, | whom . . I have | chosen,
3 For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,
And floods upon the dry ground:
I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed,
And my blessing up- | on thine | offspring:
4 And they shall spring up as among the grass,
As | willows . . by the | wa-ter | courses.
5 One shall say, I am the Lord's:
And another shall call himself by the | name of | Jacob;
6 And another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord,
And surname him- | self . . by the | name of | Israel.
7 Doubtless thou art our Father,
Though Abraham be ignorant of us,
And Israel ac- | knowledge . . us | not.
8 Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer;
Thy | name . . is from | ever- | lasting.
9 If we be Christ's, then are we | Abra-ham's | seed.
10 And heirs ac- | cord-ing | to the | promise.

SELECTION 36. Matt. xix. 14. Isa. xl. 11.

1 And Jesus said, Suffer little children,
And forbid them not to | come . . unto | me;
2 For of | such . . is the | kingdom . . of | heaven.

3 He shall feed his flock | like a | shepherd :
4 He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
And | carry . . them | in his | bosom.

5 Hosanna ! Blessed is he that cometh in the | name . . of the | Lord.
6 Ho- | sanna | in the | highest.

SELECTION 37. Matt. xxviii. 18—20.

1 And Jesus came and spake | unto . . them, | saying,
2 All power is given unto | me in | heaven . . and in | earth ;

3 Go ye therefore, and | teach all | nations,
4 Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the | Son, and . . of the | Holy Ghost ;

5 Teaching them to observe all things
Whatsoever I have com- | manded | you :
6 And, lo ! I am with you always,
Even | unto . . the | end . . of the | world. Amen.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

SELECTION 38. Ps. cxviii. 22—29.

1 The stone which the builders refused
Is become the | head-stone . . of the | corner.
2 This is the Lord's doing ;
It is | marvel-lous | in our | eyes.

3 This is the day which the Lord hath made ;
We will rejoice and be | glad in | it.
4 Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord :
O Lord, I beseech thee, | send— | now pros- | perity.

5 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord ;
We have blessed you out of the | house . . of the | Lord.
6 God is the Lord, which hath showed us light :
Bind the sacrifice with cords,
Even | unto . . the | horns . . of the | altar.

7 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee ;
Thou art my God, | I . . will ex- | alt thee.
8 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ;
For his | mercy . . en- | dureth forever.

SELECTION 39. Isa. liii. 4—7 ; 10.

1 Surely he hath borne our griefs,
And | carried . . our | sorrows :
2 Yet we did esteem him stricken, |
Smitten of | God, . . and af- | flicted.

3 But he was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for | our in- | iquities ;
4 The chastisement of our peace was upon him ;
And with his | stripes— | we are | healed.

5 All we like sheep have gone astray ;
We have turned every one to | his own | way ;
6 And the Lord hath laid on him the in- | iqui-ty | of us | all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,—
Yet he opened | not his | mouth :
8 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
So he | o-pened | not his | mouth.

9 Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise him,
10 He hath | put— | him to | grief.

11 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin,
He shall see his seed, he shall pro- | long his | days,
12 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.
He shall see of the travail of his | soul, and | shall be | satisfied

SELECTION 40. From Rev. v. 12, 13.

1 Worthy is the | Lamb . . that was | slain
2 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and | honor . . and | glory, . . and | blessing.

3 Blessing and honor, and | glory . . and | power,
4 Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb, for- | ever and | ever. Amen!

GATHERING OF A CHURCH.

SELECTION 41. From Ps. lxxxvii.

1 His foundation is in the | holy | mountains.
2 The Lord loveth the gates of Zion
More than | all the | dwellings . . of | Jacob.

3 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O | city . . of | God.
4 And of Zion it shall be said,
This and that man was born in her;
And the Highest him- | self . . shall es- | tablish | her.

5 The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people,
That | this . . man was | born there.
6 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.
All my | springs . . are in | thee.

DEDICATION OF A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

SELECTION 42. From Ps. cxxxii.

1 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest;
Thou, and the | ark . . of thy | strength.
2 Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness;
And let thy | saints— | shout for | joy.

3 The Lord hath chosen Zion:
He hath desired it for | his . . habit- | ation.
4 This is my rest forever: |
Here . . will I | dwell, . . saith the | Lord.

5 I will abundantly bless her provision;
I will satisfy her | poor with | bread.
6 I will also clothe her priests with salvation;
And her saints shall | shout a- | loud for | joy.

ORDINATION.

SELECTION 43. From Ps. lxviii.

1 The Lord gave the word;
Great was the company of | those that | published it.
2 The Lord gave the word:
Great was the | company . . of | those that | published it.

3 Thou hast ascended on high,
Thou hast led captivity captive;
Thou hast received | gifts for | men,
4 Yea, for the rebellious also,
That the Lord | God might | dwell a- | mong them.

SELECTION 44. Isa. liii. 7—10.

1 How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that | publish-eth peace;
2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation;
That saith unto | Zion, | Thy God | reigneth.

3 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice;
With the voice together | shall they | sing:
4 For they shall see eye to eye,
When the | Lord shall | bring a . . gain | Zion.

5 Break forth into joy, sing together,
Ye waste | places . . of Je- | rusalem!
6 For the Lord hath comforted his people, |
He . . hath re- | deemed Je- | rusalem!

7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm,
In the eyes of | all the | nations;
8 And all the ends of the earth
Shall see the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

FAST DAY.

SELECTION 45. Joel, ii. 15—18, 32.

1 Blow the trumpet in Zion,
Sanctify a fast, call a | solemn . . as- | sembly:
2 Gather the people, | sancti . . fy the | con-gre- | gation.

3 Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord,
Weep between the | porch . . and the | altar,
4 And let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord,
And give not thy | heri-tage | to re- | proach.

5 Then will the Lord be jealous for his land,
And | pity . . his | people.
6 Yea, the Lord will answer, and it shall come to pass
That whosoever shall call on the name of the | Lord shall | be de- | livered.

7 For in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance,
As the | Lord hath | said;
8 In Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be de- | liverance, . .
As the | Lord hath | said.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

SELECTION 46. From Ps. cxlvii.

1 Praise ye the Lord;
For it is good to sing praises | unto . . our | God.
2 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the | harp un- | to our | God;

3 Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow up- | on the | mountains.
4 He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the | young— | ravens . . which | cry.

5 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that | hope . . in his | mercy.
6 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem! |
Praise thy | God, O | Zion!

7 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates,
He hath blessed thy | children . . with- | in thee.
8 He maketh peace in thy borders,
And filleth thee with the | finest | of the | wheat.

9 He hath showed his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his | judgments . . unto | Israel.
10 He hath not dealt | so with | any | nation:

11 And as for his judgments, they | have not | known them.
12 Praise ye the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

SELECTION 47. Isa. lxii. 1—4, and lx. 20, 22.

1 For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace,
And for Jerusalem's sake I | will not | rest;
2 Until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness,
And the salvation there- | of . . as a | lamp that | burneth.

3 And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousnes,
And all | kings thy | glory:
4 And thou shalt be called by a new name,
Which the | mouth . . of the | Lord shall | name.

5 Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord,
And a royal diadem in the | hand . . of thy God.
6 Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken:
Neither shall thy | land be | any . . more | desolate.

7 Thy sun shall no more go down;
Neither shall thy | moon with- | draw itself:
8 For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy | mourning | shall be | ended.

9 A little one shall become a thousand,
And a small one a | strong— | nation:
10 I the Lord will | hasten . . it | in his | time.

SELECTION 48. Isa. lxii. 6, 7, 10—12.

1 I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem,
Which shall never hold their peace | day nor | night;
2 Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence;
And give him no rest, till he establish,
And till he make Jerusalem a | praise in | all the | earth.

3 Go through, go through the gates;
Prepare ye the | way . . of the | people;
4 Cast up, cast up the highway;
Gather out the stones; lift up a | standard | for the | people.

5 Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world,
Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh;
6 Behold, his reward is with him, |
And his | work be- | fore him.

7 And they shall call them, The holy people,
The re- | deemed . . of the | Lord:
8 And thou shalt be called,
Sought | out, a | city . . not for- | saken.

FUNEREAL.

SELECTION 49. From Ps. xxxix.

1 Lord, make me to know mine end,
And the measure of my days, | what it | is;
2 That I may | know how | frail I | am.

3 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth,
And mine age is as | nothing . . be- | fore thee.
4 Verily every man at his best estate
Is | alto- | gether | vanity.

5 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,
Thou makest his beauty to consume a- | way . . like a | moth.
6 Surely | every | man is | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And give ear un- | to my | cry,
8 Hold | not thy | peace . . at my | tears.

9 And now, Lord, what | wait I | for?
10 My | hope— | is in | thee.

SELECTION 50. Ps. xc. 1—4; 10—12.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In | all . . gene- | rations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return ye | children . . of | men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, when it is past,
And as a | watch— | in the | night.

5 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten,
6 And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,—
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut | off, . . and we | fly a- | way.

7 Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, | so . . is thy | wrath.
8 So teach us to number our days
That we may ap- | ply our | hearts . . unto | wisdom.

SELECTION 51. Ps. ciii. 15—18.

1 As for man, his | days . . are as | grass;
2 As a flower of the | field,— | so he | flourisheth;

3 For the wind passeth over it, | and . . it is | gone;
4 And the place there- | of shall | know it . . no | more.

5 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
To everlasting, upon | them that | fear him,
6 And his righteousness | unto | children's | children;

7 To such as | keep his | covenant,
8 And to those that re- | member . . his com- | mandments . . to | do them

SELECTION 52. Rev. xiv. 13; xx. 6; i. 5.

1 Blessed are the dead,
Who die in the | Lord from . . hence- | forth:
2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors;
And their | works do | follow | them.

3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection:
On such the second death | hath no | power;
4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
And shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.

5 Unto him that loved us,
And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father;
To him be glory and do- | minion . . for- | ever . . and | ever.

DOXOLOGY.

Luke, ii. 14. Isa. vi. 3.

1 GLORY to God in the highest:
And on earth peace,
Good | will . . towards | men.
2 Holy! Holy! Holy! is the Lord of Hosts!
The whole | earth is | full . . of his glory. **Amen.**

ADAPTATION OF SELECTIONS TO CHANTS.

Selections.	Appropriate Chants.	Selections.	Appropriate Chants.	Selections.	Appropriate Chants.
1	1. 5.	19	1. 5.	37	1. 5.
2	3. 5.	20	1. 2. 4.	38	1. 3.
3	3. 5.	21	1. 5.	39	5. 8.
4	1. 5.	22	4. 2.	40	1. 6.
5	5. 6. 3.	23	1. 3.	41	1. 3.
6	1. 5. 6.	24	1. 3.	42	1. 3.
7	1. 5. 6.	25	1. 3. 6.	43	1. 2.
8	3. 7.	26	1. 3. 6.	44	1. 2. 4.
9	1. 5.	27	5. 1.	45	1. 6. 7.
10	2. 4. 1.	28	2. 1.	46	1. 3.
11	3. 2. 5.	29	4. 1.	47	1. 6.
12	4. 2. 6.	30	5. 1.	48	1. 6.
13	8. 5.	31	5. 1.	49	7. 7. 5.
14	5. 6.	32	5. 1.	50	7. 8. 5.
15	5. 3.	33	5. 1.	51	7. 5.
16	5. 8.	34	5. 1.	52	1. 5.
17	1. 5.	35	1. 5.		
18	5. 6. 7.	36	1. 5.		

These Chants, and the accompanying Table, showing the adaptation of the Selections to the Chants, have been prepared for this work by Mr. Lowell Mason, to whom the Committee are happy to acknowledge their obligation for this service.

CHANTS.

No. 1.

No. 2. FARRANT.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 8.

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TABLE OF METERS.

CLASS I. IAMBIC.

An Iambic foot, in English prosody, consists of two syllables with the accent on the second. Iambic verse is that in which the line consists of a certain number of syllables with every second syllable accented. The meters of this class are, far above all others, best suited to the purposes of public worship. The particular kinds of Iambic meter used in this book are the following:

1. Common Meter. (C. M.) The stanza consists of four lines, of which the first and third are of eight syllables each, and the second and fourth, of six.

This is called Common Meter, as the earliest and most frequent in the version of the Psalms, and as being, from the origin of the English language, the meter of popular ballads. Anciently it was written in two lines of fourteen syllables each. The division of the line at the end of the eighth syllable has prevailed as a matter of convenience.

In this meter, and in all others of this class, the first syllable of a line sometimes takes away the accent from the second,—a circumstance which, wherever it occurs, should be regarded in the selection and performance of the tune. See Psalm 5, Version 1, where, in the first line, the first syllable is accented, and the second unaccented.

Common Meter, double stanzas. (C. M. D.) p. 488.

2. Short Meter. (S. M.) The stanza consists of four lines; the first, second, and fourth lines of six syllables each; the third, of eight. This, in the ancient versions, is distinguished as the meter of the 25th Psalm, "which," says Dr. Watts, "I call Short Meter." See Psalm 25.

Short Meter, double. (S. M. D.) p. 553.

3. Long Meter. (L. M.) The stanza, four lines, each line of eight syllables. This, in the ancient versions, was the meter of the 100th Psalm, "which," says Dr. Watts, "I call Long Meter." See Psalm 100, Version 1.

Long Meter, double. (L. M. D.) p. 40.

4. Hallelujah Meter. (H. M.) The stanza consists of eight lines; the first four lines of six syllables each; the last four, of four syllables each. This, in the old versions, was the meter of the 148th Psalm, and it is sometimes denoted by Watts and Dwight, "Proper Meter, as the 148th." pp. 42, 43, 86, 90, 125, 128, 139, 158, 161, 192, 223, 240, 255, 261, 282, 288, 302, 305, 308, 318, 329, 357, 360, 369, 375, 384, 394, 413, 423, 424, 514, 550, 581, 586, 588.

5. Long Particular Meter. (L. P. M.) The stanza consists of six lines, each of eight syllables. The third line rhymes with the sixth, and thus there is a natural division of the stanza at the end of the third line. This, in old versions, is the meter of the 113th Psalm, and it is sometimes designated in that way. pp. 41, 66, 68, 112, 118, 146, 148, 163, 170, 185, 215, 216, 278, 605.

6. Common Particular Meter. (C. P. M.) The stanza consists of six lines; the third and sixth lines rhyme with each other, and are of six syllables each. The other lines are of eight syllables each. This, in some books of music, is designated, L. C. M. pp. 242, 285, 332, 374, 435, 436, 552, 554, 633, 639.

7. Short Particular Meter. (S. P. M.) The stanza consists of six lines; the third and sixth of eight syllables; the others of six. The ancient version of the 122d Psalm was in this meter, which is sometimes designated as the proper meter of that Psalm. See Psalm 122, Version 2. pp. 107, 113, 114, 120, 121, 180, 241, 255.

8. Common Meter, six lines. (C. M. 6 l.) p. 323.

9. Long Meter, six lines. (L. M. 6 l.) The lines are of eight syllables each. pp. 39, 48, 296, 306, 382, 418, 446, 508, 597, 640.

10. Short Meter, six lines. (S. M. 6 l.) The Short Meter stanza, with two additional lines of eight syllables each. In this book, this meter is marked S. H. M. pp. 541, 633.

11. Eights and sevens, Irregular. (8s & 7s. Irreg.) pp. 93, 548.

12. Eights and sixes. (8s & 6s.) This is the Common Meter stanza, with an additional line of eight syllables inserted after the third. In some music books it is marked C. P. M. p. 639.

13. Eights and sixes, P. (8s & 6s. P.) p. 351.

14. Tens. (10s.) The stanza consists of four lines of heroic verse. Lines of this length will be found difficult to be sung by a choir or congregation, unless as a chant. pp. 220, 263, 306, 615.

15. Tens and elevens, six lines. (10s & 11s, 6 l.) The first four lines are tens. The fifth and sixth, ending with a double rhyme, have an additional unaccented syllable. This is the meter of the 50th Psalm in the old versions, and it is sometimes designated "the old 50th." pp. 99, 180.

16. Sevens and sixes. (7s & 6s.) The stanza consists of eight lines, the first and every alternate line of seven syllables, ending with a double rhyme,—the second and every alternate line, of six syllables. This meter is found in the oldest versions, but has been very much disused, till, within a few years past, it has become a favorite meter. pp. 28, 45, 137, 146, 166, 528, 595, 599, 641.

17. Sixes. (6s.) Stanza of four lines, each of six syllables. p. 286.

18. Sixes and fours. (6s & 4s.) Stanza of seven lines,—of which the third and seventh rhyme, and consist of four syllables each. The others consist of six syllables each,—and rhyme, the first with the second, and the fourth with the fifth and sixth. pp. 289, 386, 387, 400, 609.

19. Nines and eights. By a little care this meter may be sung to the same tune as the meter of 8s & 7s, trochaic. p. 575.

CLASS II. TROCHAIC.

A Trochaic foot is two syllables with the accent on the first. In Trochaic verse every second syllable is unaccented. The Trochaic meters in this book are the following:

1. Sevens. (7s.) The lines of seven syllables each. pp. 17, 30, 50, 71, 129, 130, 134, 162, 208, 209, 217, 223, 257, 262, 289, 291, 292, 299, 300, 309, 310, 311, 337, 357, 359, 361, 375, 405, 417, 428, 430, 432, 433, 441, 460, 471, 473, 483, 484, 524, 565, 587, 595, 600, 618, 637, 652, 653.

Sevens, double. (7s. D.) pp. 26, 57, 60, 178, 192, 389, 428, 526, 527, 535, 536, 562, 585, 624.

2. Sevens, six lines. (7s. 6 l.) pp. 63, 85, 129, 244, 304, 350, 390, 391, 418, 422, 451, 576.

3. Eights and sevens. (8s & 7s.) The first and third lines ending with a

double rhyme, are of eight syllables each. pp. 37, 248, 285, 301, 346, 364, 370, 391, 542, 607, 621, 653.

Eights and sevens, double. (8s & 7s. D.) pp. 85, 174, 252, 454, 497, 515, 537, 565.

4. Eights, sevens and four. (8s, 7s & 4.) The stanza consists of six lines,—the first and third lines of eight syllables each,—the fifth of four syllables,—the others of seven syllables each. pp. 99, 292, 348, 425, 429, 430, 436, 481, 516, 518, 522, 525, 527, 549, 564, 600.

5. Sevens and five. (7s & 5.) p. 253.

6. Sevens and sixes, Peculiar. (7s & 6s. P.) Stanza of eight lines—the first, third, fifth, sixth and seventh, trochaic,—the second, fourth and eighth, iambic. pp. 94, 303, 480, 532, 576.

CLASS III. ANAPESTIC.

In this class are included those meters which consists chiefly of triplets.

Meters of this class are often irregular, two unaccented syllables being put at the commencement of the line, when one only is necessary. See Psalm 23, Version 7, where the first line of the second stanza contains twelve syllables.

1. Eights. (8s.) pp. 445, 565, 615. Eights, double. (8s. D.) pp. 184, 654.
2. Tens and elevens. (10s & 11s.) p. 302.
3. Elevens. (11s.) pp. 51, 60, 495, 575, 636.
4. Elevens and eights. (11s & 8s.) pp. 97, 193.
5. Elevens and tens. (11s & 10s.) pp. 347, 418, 518.
6. Twelves. (12s.) p. 426.
7. Twelves and elevens. (12s & 11s.) p. 611.